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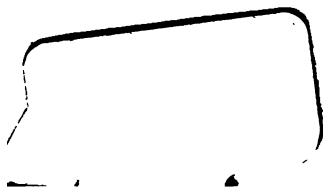


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# GLORY OF THE PINES

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William Chalmers Covert



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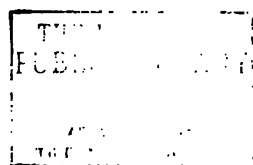
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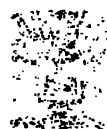


GLORY GARVIN

# *Glory of the Cross*

*A Tale of the Middle Ages*

By  
*William George Smith*



*Philadelphia*  
*The Westminster Press*

1915



GLORY GARVIN

# *Glory of the Pines*

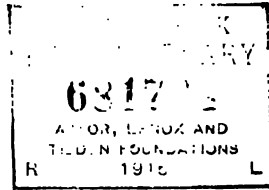
*A Tale of the Ontonagon*

By  
*William Chalmers Covert*



*Philadelphia*  
*The Westminster Press*

1914



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1914  
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*To Alice*

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## Foreword

**M**Y grandfather carried me to the east window of the old farmhouse the morning I was born — according to the records, it was ten minutes before seven o'clock — and, adjusting his horn-rimmed spectacles, looked long and inquiringly into my young and sorry face. He then carried me to a box cradle, that had spilled the youngsters of two previous generations and was now ready for the progeny of the third. Leaving me in the pillows, he turned to my brave, pale mother, and said with an old man's word and the accents of ultimate authority, "Well, daughter, here's our minister."

Later on I spent years dodging the old patriarch's prophecy. I started to look for my destiny in other quarters and purposely got into circumstances that would naturally break that cradle spell; all to no avail. After twenty-five years I came to the point that evidently lay in the vision of the old man; I found myself in the midst of the joys and



## FOREWORD

fears of a parish — not an ordinary parish, but one hidden deep in the pine forests lying along the south shore of Lake Superior. It was a place where the moral need was pronounced, but where response to church work had been very meager on the part of woodsmen, and before them, of the copper miners, that made the town of Ontonagon. It was in my efforts among the people of this parish remote from railroads that I had my first insight into the social conditions of the lumber village and my first close acquaintance with the quaint and forceful personalities always found among men who lead the rough but fascinating life of the forest.

The following narrative is well-nigh too personal to be in good taste, but the reciting of simple facts that belong to one's own career makes any strained effort to escape the use of the personal pronoun an affectation. The glamour of a few years lies upon the whole scene, but in no wise perverts or obscures the larger details that entered into my more unusual parish experiences. Of course the imagination has had to have some degree of liberty in recalling and setting in order the

## FOREWORD

doings and sayings of these forest folks and parish people, good and bad, that lived and loved and added to the life of the lumber camp the crude and pathetic features of their primitive but virile life.

The story lies for the most part in the shadows of the green woods, where solitude has its compensation in the close fellowship of the camp and the happy brotherhood of inexorable toil. It is much to be regretted that, in a story laid amidst the beauty and purity of the vast pine forest and under the clean skies of the North, sin — ugly sin — should have to make its mark and record its motives and doings. We could wish it otherwise here and everywhere else on earth. But one who would be truthful in the telling of what happened in his life and work among men and women, who took long chances with fortune in a wilderness country, must be prepared to recognize the shocking incongruities and heart-staining ills of life. But much more, without any kind of pessimism or dismay, surely without cynicism, he must be prepared to view hopefully the task of reconstruction and final harmonization through the

## FOREWORD

simple but tedious scheme of the transformed life.

The urgent parish problems of the day will find here no solution, nor will the incidents of personal and social service here recounted be in any wise new to this day of intricate church machinery and humanitarian agencies; but for all that, there are, moving through these chapters, either as workers or recipients of needed help, unique and rugged men whose characteristics and personal history have always engaged the interest of those who love reality in human nature and smiling fortitude in those struggling against the hard things of life. It is good to be able to make record of religion at work efficiently amidst seemingly unyielding conditions, especially when before one's own eyes the wilderness has suggested the blossoming rose. The pleasure of recounting the effects of religion at work in this obscure region is greatly heightened by the fact that it was in connection with a tiny church where intimate personal relations were possible and out of which, contrary to some notions in sociological circles, a strong constructive influence in the community life went; and

## FOREWORD

if any general conclusion is in order of statement from the rehearsal of these incidents, it will be this: that nowhere is the human heart dead to a sympathetic approach or to the call of sincere interest, and that the redemptive agencies amid remote forest people or men in the stress and sin of our highly civilized centers are the same, namely, the great message of a Father's love.

In some instances names of the old forest friends with whom it has been my pleasure either to work or play have been retained. Their good nature will not permit them to resent what seemed necessary in recounting the scenes of a happy fellowship with them. Fictitious names for such sincere men and women seem a kind of sacrilege. It is here taken for granted that people generally appreciate the portrayal of life where reality and the note of honor and manhood emerge surprisingly from rugged and unconventional men. With this thought in mind there are here set down some of the striking features of a woods parish, enlarged upon now and then, and logically developed.

WILLIAM CHALMERS COVERT

CHICAGO, October, 1913.



# CONTENTS

| CHAPTER                                 | PAGE |
|---|------|
| I. WAYFARING . . . . .                  | 3    |
| II. A FRIEND IN NEED . . . . .          | 11   |
| III. ON THE SPOT . . . . .              | 25   |
| IV. DAVE BRUCE . . . . .                | 34   |
| V. A HEART'S CRY . . . . .              | 42   |
| VI. THE DRIVE . . . . .                 | 52   |
| VII. IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD . . . . . | 72   |
| VIII. OUT OF THE DARK . . . . .         | 89   |
| IX. DEATH AND THE GIRL . . . . .        | 105  |
| X. BEAUTY AT THE PARISH EDGE . . . . .  | 124  |
| XI. WIDENING HORIZONS . . . . .         | 140  |
| XII. THE OPEN DOOR . . . . .            | 156  |
| XIII. WAYS AND MEANS . . . . .          | 177  |
| XIV. THE MILL DOCTOR . . . . .          | 184  |
| XV. TWICE-BORN JOHN . . . . .           | 200  |
| XVI. AS OF YORE . . . . .               | 220  |
| XVII. THEY TWAIN . . . . .              | 226  |



## **Glory of the Pines**





# Glory of the Pines

## CHAPTER I

### *WAYFARING*

**I**T was April 22, and the big winter snows, piled deep under the pines of the Nester tract, were feeling the sun and flooding the land. I was standing on the front seat of the yellow buckboard with old McMurray, who held the lines, as he bit fiercely at the end of a brier-root pipe, while the Sturgeon River, jammed with ice and slush, went pouring through the open bottom of the wagon and around the flanks of the little sorrel team. I clung fast to McMurray, encircling his lean body with my arms. The buckboard bobbed and pitched like a barge that had broken tow in a storm off Keweenaw Point. McMurray attended strictly to his business. His profanity was of the affectionate and cheering kind, designed to encourage the struggling team. I was in no position to chide any man for sinful words, and, besides, the ponies

## GLORY OF THE PINES

seemed to respond surprisingly. We came safely but roughly to solid ground, where the panting team stood steaming while we adjusted the load. Water streamed copiously from the tin trunk containing my pulpit coat and commentaries, which was strapped on behind the buckboard. But the company was healthy and good-natured, and took the high water and other inconveniences as a part of the ordinary course in woods travel.

The parish to which I was being sent was a thing of faith. Supposedly it lay at the far edge of the vast, unbroken forest stretching west from Baraga for nearly fifty miles, to where the amber waters of the Ontonagon crept to the lake under acres of logs, behind the booms of the match company's mills, where even now the spring song of the gang saws had struck its first notes.

I really did not know whither I was to go, and, to be honest in the telling of this story, I had not enough money to pay the price of going. It may reflect on my thrift, but it will compliment my morals, to say that before leaving the divinity hall I had lent a needy fellow student fifteen dollars, where-

## WAYFARING

upon he left, forgetting to return it. Shoal financial waters were struck at Negaunee, but I was not aground until later. It was heart-sickening suddenly to learn that the Houghton, Hancock & Ontonagon Railroad, whose red route on the map I had committed to memory, was merely a projected proposition, and that I was to be dropped forty-seven miles from my destination and expected to proceed by stage through the woods.

Breakfast, eaten early that day in the fog blowing in from Green Bay, had not been reënforced by later meals when, in deep dusk, the tin trunk and I were set off at the three houses and sawdust pile that made the town of Baraga. My ticket had been five cents a mile from Negaunee, and the excess charged on my trunk was a cruel bit of sarcasm, again reducing my pile.

Red-faced men, lately from the timber, filled the boarding house to which I went for the night. They looked to me like jolly, well-fed lords of luxury, as they filed out of the big, bare dining room into the barroom, where I sat on the tin trunk, with my small change well secreted in my trousers. The

## GLORY OF THE PINES

odors of the kitchen followed them in. The spices and perfumes of the Orient never were more fragrant than the laden air that floated in from that kitchen to tease me. The dishes were rattling, and it seemed like mournful music.

And the women were singing. They were emptying the surplus food from the plates of those hearty men who fought the raw cold and biting dampness of the North from dawn to dark. It was a moment for reflection. I thought of my mother's old Acorn cookstove, on its shining zinc above the rag carpet, and the glowing hickory sticks that made things steam. It seemed like a shrine in some far-off holy land, while I sat there, a stranger among those who never would know my heart. The fried chicken and cream gravy, the sugared sweet potatoes and hot biscuits of those happy days, rose like the vision of a lost Paradise, and settled again. These things were not for me. It is money that makes such visions realities.

The kindly men in pied coats who stood at the bar and about the gigantic cast-iron stove took me for a well-fed, rich young man look-

## WAYFARING

ing for a chance to invest a bunch of eager money. I felt called on to live the part if I could do so, and keep my change. Everywhere the smoke was thick, while the whisky was cheap and generously provided by these hospitable men. Bites of plug tobacco made the supper a forgotten thing for the huge eaters, and the sawdust box that incased the stove legs was bombarded by men who spat at great length and with surprising accuracy. And what a revel of fun and gibing! It was give and take, with no quarter. Every man was expected to defend himself, or stay out of the game. The wit was not subtle, but biting. It hit hard, but fairly. There was manly talk now and then, and stories that were tender and reminiscent of better days passed, while hints of kindness and generosity broke out in most unlooked-for places.

“Say, boys, here’s a letter from Sandy Rood’s old mother,” said one of the men, with a kindly voice, as he looked over a dozen letters that had just come. “What do ye know about that? Ain’t the old lady been told that Sandy croaked? Say, McMann, you’ve got to send this here letter back and tell Sandy’s

## GLORY OF THE PINES

mother about it. Ye can make it easy and natural like, can't ye, Mac? It will be awful hard to get the news broke to her gentle, for she's so old and feeble, and you better do it right away, when you're sending Sandy's money to her."

The guffaws that had been shaking the room suddenly ceased and the talk dropped to undertones. It was an unexpected calm. A sore spot had been touched by accident. The letter for Sandy was handed out of the box and passed around, and each man looked at it carefully. Sandy had been buried on the little hill the day before, after a two days' fight. The poor fellow had been mashed on the drive. They had pulled him out and carried him to the house, on a tarpaulin slung across two cant hooks. Sandy wanted to live. He told everybody so. But the second day his face changed. He seemed to be looking at something far away. He thought it was a city with golden steps leading up to it, starting just beyond the mill stack, and that little children in white were singing everywhere. The men said he talked like a minister. He urged the boys to be straight and

## WAYFARING

give God a square deal. This was a new thing around the mill.

Sandy died at supper time, after he had raised himself on his elbow and shaken hands with a roomful, and told them to send his winter's money, in the old mackinaw coat, to his mother, in Montreal. At the grave things were awkward and sad. It was hard, lonely business burying a lumberjack with no preacher around, but it had to be done. They lowered the box with what was gentleness for big, rough hands, and were about to push the dirt in upon it without any ceremony, even though it did not seem right, when Bill McMann came to the front.

Bill's mother was a tiny Scotch Presbyterian, yet living, under a thatch in a little glen in Scotland. She had done her duty by Bill, but he had gone astray. It was the mother in Bill that now rebelled against dumping Sandy into the earth, like a heathen. Kindly hands halted as Bill came forward. His memory of the old home and the kirk and the mother's catechism began to work. He still had things in his heart that he had never used. This was his hour. Taking off his fur



## GLORY OF THE PINES

cap, to the surprise of all, he raised his voice a bit in the coming dusk, and, with a tender native burr on every word, said:

"I think it's too bad to drop Sandy in with na talkin' from some one, and na one for the prayin'. I can't speak the prayer, but if ye dinna mind I ken a word from the Shorter Catechism about the deid that I'll speak for Sandy."

The awkward company paused and reverently uncovered while Bill, without a hitch, recalling the unforgotten things of the school, said:

"The sauls o' believers are at the'r deith made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass intae glory; and the'r bodies, bein' still united tae Christ, do rest in the'r graves, till the resurrection."

That was all, but a flash of another world lighted the gloom of the sad hour. They left Sandy to his last sleep, on the edge of the woods, with a pine board at his head, and turned to life again with a hunger in their hearts.

It was the memory of this incident that the undelivered letter suggested, and that sobered the talk for the rest of the evening.

## CHAPTER II

### *A FRIEND IN NEED*

**M**Y little bedroom in the loft lay close under the yellow rafters, but not so far away from the bar that I could not hear sounds of a debate going on. Strange to say, it concerned immortality.

"Say, Bill McMann," said one of the rough crowd, "if ye know what ye was talking about at Sandy Rood's burying, yer smart, that's all. I want to know how ye propose to get them fellows up at the resurrection, that was burned to ashes when the bunk house at old Forty was fired last year. Do ye think they'll ever get their bodies picked up? It's a right smart job, I'm athinkin', eh?"

"O Sykes, you're always handin' around funny stuff like that; I don't know that that's gettin' you very much peace in your soul, is it?" This was from Monteith, a champion of orthodoxy for the camp. "If you want to

## GLORY OF THE PINES

die like a goat and be dumped into the ground and stay there till the end of kingdom come, well, I guess there won't be no objections from the fellows that knows you best."

A big round of laughter followed this bit of humor, at the expense of Sykes, and in defense of one of the great doctrines of the Church.

How the debate concluded I never knew, for blessed sleep, that filled my mind with dreams of good things, brought forgetfulness.

In the bright hour of sunrise I ate joyfully as promiscuous a breakfast as could be gathered from a table with everything on it that hearty men want, including pie and cake. It was a merciful providence that these good women knew nothing of the delicate and abstemious breakfasts of society! The curtain of the unknown day was up, and I was at least hopeful.

Corduroy, as the pioneer's makeshift for macadam, should be accepted gratefully, in view of circumstances, but how can one forgive twenty-six miles of it in the first stages of a journey? Yet its misery passed amidst the mesmerism and forgetting of the great forest.

## A FRIEND IN NEED

The clean, straight shafts of the white pines stood like pillars in Luxor or Karnak, with chiseled lines in their dull-gray bark, hieroglyphs of time, and holding aloft their plummy green fascicles, the beauty of which no other boughs surpass. And all the while there went forth on the quiet breezes deep breathings and subdued monotonous, as of the first notes of some vast, remote music. Needles, strewn thick through the long years, smothered grass and checked the undergrowth, giving the aspect of some pillared sanctuary carpeted with somber coverings.

The sunlight was falling through the high boughs, and as we drove there opened far ahead of us a narrow aisle, hung with green and gold and bordered with brown shrubs that rattled in the spring breeze. The sky had been blown clear by the night winds, and, save for the vast drifts of puffy clouds flying fast and high and shining like burnished silver, the blue was unbroken. Up through openings in the branches the eye was drawn again and again. Heaven stooped close to earth in that forest, and the solitude was full of fellowship.

McMurray knew what this was, though he

## GLORY OF THE PINES

said but little. The wheels of our buckboard now and then left the corduroy, in passing through some peat bog or watery swale, and dropped in the mud to the hubs, but we leaned hard to the opposite side till we struck the place where the climbing wheel took the road again.

The breakfast eaten at half-past five was beyond the reach of all the hungry capillaries before we had driven very far, but noon had no on-coming joys for me. It was the journey's end, together with a little credit, that alone was interesting.

The little Halfway Cabin sat in a snug, sheltered spot of the vast forest range. It was a surprising and singular human touch in the great, untenanted region, and wore an air of cordial hospitality in the wide waste of loneliness. White logs washed by winter rains, polished by sleet and hail, and dried by many winds, made this bit of domestic scenery very striking against the green background. A shanty gave shelter to the stage horses. Busy hens clucked and scratched the warming earth on the sunny side of the house, and a tidy, white-aproned woman

## A FRIEND IN NEED

stood on the flat, log doorstep as the stage halted.

The bespattered sorrel team had pulled on the bits for the last five miles, and now were happy. Freed from harness, they rushed to the open door of the small stable, and were soon munching corn with an occasional whinny of delight. McMurray and the men on the eastbound stage joined old Geltner at the doorway of his little house. There were tin basins on a near-by log, and white towels flying in the wind at the end of the cabin. Into these well-filled basins the crowd dived, snorting and blowing water from their cupped palms, under the guise of washing their faces, while they rubbed their hands with a noisy crunch, as rough-skinned men with dirty work have to do. They left the towels limp and black, and disappeared through the cabin door into Geltner's feast chamber.

Never had human nature seemed to me so care free and effervescent as in those men. Ordinarily learning seemed a very useful commodity, but it was poor collateral in that pinching time. I was at Esau's point of tempting, and understood perfectly why he

## GLORY OF THE PINES

sold his birthright for a mess of odorous potage. It was good to eat, that was all.

A turn in Geltner's vast, green dooryard, which reached south for a hundred miles, found even the porcupines eating their noon-day buds.

I returned and had just climbed in the buckboard for rest when old Geltner started from the doorway. He wore a rusty, brown felt hat on the back of his head. His red flannel shirt, with black stripes, suggested the plaid of some Scotch clan, while his collar was opened wide, and his hairy chest exposed, proclaiming him a strong and good-natured man. His trousers were jammed into rough boot tops, and his hands sank into pockets that reached well-nigh to his elbows. Evidently Geltner was a sympathetic man, and I must fence if I expected to save my change.

"Say, young feller, how are ye standing the ride?" said he. "It's a long time between meals up here, and you'd better come and eat, for you're looking thin." He struck me a blow I could not parry without lying.

"Thank you," I said, "I am not feeling quite right to-day."

## A FRIEND IN NEED

Just how unethical the reply was depends on the angle at which you view my trouble. But it did not stop Geltner. He was the only committee on hospitality in the whole forty-seven miles of wilderness, and he did not propose to pass any hungry man unfed.

"Say, this corduroy is pretty tough, ain't it? Mac says yer game, but I guess ye need a little chuck inside, eh? It's another thirty miles to Ontonagon, and no grub this side of there when ye leave my shanty."

It was the talk of a great heart. I climbed down and followed the old life-saver into his neat little home. I've since sat in gold rooms and crystal rooms and other gaudy banquet halls, with gilded glory shining everywhere, and with tables laid with eatables for which men ransacked the earth, but I never saw a hall that made the appeal to me that Geltner's cabin dining room did. It stays in my heart as the memory of the smitten rock stayed with the Israelites. I will die with that wilderness meal and the personality behind it stamped on my memory.

There is no need to describe a meal in a lumberjack's cabin. There is always enough.



## GLORY OF THE PINES

No one was analyzing food values that day, nor caring much about nutritive formulas. I was as hungry as a cub, and before me lay a slather of well-cooked, clean-served, varied food. I do not expect to know again such joys of mere tasting, nor the sweetness of eating at such a crisis in nature's demands. The kettle on the kitchen stove sang cozily, and Geltner's rosy-cheeked girl who waited on me put the environment right, and I did the rest. Life will be poorer if some accident to my mental machinery should make me forget that noonday by the roadside, in the heart of the ancient wood, on the way to my first parish.

Unexplainable as it is, the fact remains that life's honey is never very far removed from the sting. I found both, then and there. Revived and with the bearing of a man, I rose and came forward to pay my bill. Geltner leaned across his rude counter, where he set the drinks, and took my fifty cents, with kindly inquiries after my health and the lay of the meal. The four dollars and twelve cents left on hand had a strange task before it. The stage ticket was five dollars; the

## A FRIEND IN NEED

transportation of the tin trunk with the wet coat and soaked commentaries would cost one dollar more. But while clearly insolvent my heart was young and my stomach again filled. I should have deferred any public statement of my affairs for at least eight hours more had not McMurray moved up to me and said carelessly, "Well, dominie, we settle here."

I knew no subterfuge. Running was out of the question, as I had no map of the country; besides, my people lost the faculty of disappearing at emergencies at the battles of Monmouth and King's Mountain. I told the whole hard-luck story to McMurray, with Geltner curious and listening, while he twiddled my fifty-cent piece on the bar. I supposed stranded fellows had often gotten the ear of this woods pilot. Their stories always seem plausible; they are all dead in earnest and terribly stuck, yet expect better things very soon. But if suspicion of my story's veracity lay in the heart of this quiet man, he never gave a hint of it; he looked me straight in the eye, as he stood with his pony bridles slung across his shoulder and a gad in his hand.

## GLORY OF THE PINES

"Well, McMurray," I said, "I'm in hard luck and very much embarrassed. I never have had much, but always enough for my bills, and I've hustled to get it; but, Mac, this is the time when I'm in the hole. I lent a friend a part of my pile last week, and he forgot to pay me. I wish you would take these two dollars and let me pay you the rest when I get to Ontonagon."

The man was in a tender mood at once. He looked to me as kind as a nun. I never saw a more open face, and I nearly broke down before I finished my story, as I saw him getting ready to be good to me.

"Say, dominie," said he, "you keep your money till you get more of the stuff. I'll stand good to the stage folks, and you pay me when you get it, any time this summer. I don't reckon you fellers that take to preachin' ever have any too much, anyway. Worked your way through school, eh? Say, that's some hard work, ain't it? And you know all them foreign tongues, too, I'll bet! You keep your change till you get fixed. But may the Lord help you if you are expectin' them people over there at that church to look

## A FRIEND IN NEED

after you. I don't want to prejudice you, but they's pretty small potatoes and few in the hill, if I know anything about 'em."

I was overcome when he pushed the silver dollars back and stood firm and quiet, refusing to touch the money. Old Geltner had all the while pulled his scraggly beard nervously, as though he wanted to get into the talk that he was overhearing, and at the first opportunity he said:

"Say, young feller, you keep this here half dollar. You need it a sight more than I do."

I was gulping like a girl, and halting in my protest, but pushed the coin back across the bar, waving him off from further talk.

"Say, you hear me, you take that!" he shouted. His voice sounded as though trouble was brewing, and interested faces began to appear at the door, to see what Geltner was mad about. I shook hands with him and closed on the money and went straight past the crowd out into the open woods with God, who certainly had been close to me in the persons of these two Scotch-Irish angels who had smoothed a rough road under my feet.

I have never felt ashamed of the tears that

## GLORY OF THE PINES

fell that day out there in the green quiet beyond the buckboard, while I was very much interested in the bark of a particular white pine that got between me and McMurray, who was hitching in the fresh team. I was twenty-one, but I let go the downpour just as I did when once, at seven, I found my mother, from whom I had been lost in the town on circus day. My gratitude got the better of my emotions. I have loved the lumberjack and the woodsman from that day to this better than the workman of any other craft. I would go farther and do more for these big-hearted fellows of the forest than for any others. Money returned to McMurray and Geltner could not repay in full my debt to these rescue workers.

Where these gentlemen are now I do not know, for the years are long and the vicissitudes of life in the woods are fierce. They may be at rest under the pines they loved; if so, the night winds in the needle boughs never sung a requiem over the graves of two more friendly and generous woodsmen. If among all the singing company of heaven's saved, my search does not reveal the pres-

## A FRIEND IN NEED

ence of McMurray and old Geltner, haloed and happy, I shall feel a keen disappointment.

The remainder of the rough trip was full of zest and joy; everything conspired to help us toward our destination, and before we realized it we were near the hard day's end. We stopped on the brow of the hill and swept with our eyes the vast widths of Lake Superior, glowing in the reddened tints of the sun just at setting. The disk of fire lay on the water and lighted the whole expanse with a glory that made my heart think of the molten sea in Revelation. Over the shoulder of the high point that ran far out into the lake above Silver Creek, twenty miles away, there was uplifted the banner of a blood-red cloud, which went streaming far up into the sky, while upon the bits of clouds flying below there fell a wealth of beauty that drew upon every color of the prism. The sand, swept by fierce northwest storms, ridged itself, like a shifting rampart, along the outer edge of the village, all of which was in view. It rose toward the eaves of the old church at the beach and lay so thick upon the little cemetery that the tops of the stones and wooden

## GLORY OF THE PINES

crosses barely appeared above it. The particles of shining white had even crept up the broad street. The village fell back from a small, busy center, and was now beginning to set its twinkling kerosene lights, while its edges were lost in the green woods. A dark plume of smoke drifted from the high stacks of the mill, now at rest, and the masts of a half-dozen schooners stood, bare and clean, at the river's mouth.

Out of the center of this subdued scene of a quiet village, and in all the glories of a waning day in the North, rose the steeple of the little white church. It was the goal of my hopes, yet I felt a sinking of heart as McMurray pointed it out to me, and as we drove down the sandy slope to meet whatever fate might be mine in the new world of a parish in the pines.

## CHAPTER III

### *ON THE SPOT*

“**W**ELL, so long, dominie,” said McMurray, knocking the ashes from his pipe as he dropped me from his buckboard at the crossing in the village. “I hope yez have good luck with them Presbyterians; they’s a middlin’ crafty lot all right.”

The hungry team whirled my benefactor off down the street and quickly lost him in the gathering gloom of the twilight. The corduroy, the oozy fills and the frozen stretches yet lying in the cold shadows of the pines that covered the hills and valleys toward Keweenaw Bay, had made the day’s travel hard work. As I was unsightly with mud and stiffened in the joints, the dusk was a blessing. The dinner at Steve Geltner’s cabin, encircled by the everlasting verdure of the pines, had been eaten eight hours before, and had settled down far enough to be entirely



## GLORY OF THE PINES

forgotten. My hopes were building strong on the magic influence of a letter of introduction from a leading churchman I never knew to a local deacon who had never heard of me. With it in my pocket, I climbed the wooden steps from the sidewalk near where I had been dropped, and rang the doorbell of a very substantial house, that I might present the letter and announce the impending good fortune about to befall the church for whose welfare this man was reputed to be responsible. It shocked me considerably to hear the lonely echoing of the bell. My second ring was more of a knell to my hopes for hospitality than the first. A kindly citizen in the darkened doorway of a lighted saloon opposite had apparently been watching my movements since McMurray dropped me at the near crossing, and seeing my distress, shouted:

“Say, you guy over there! If you want to sell any of your dope to them folks, why don’t you go to the back door?”

It was the first word of welcome to the parish, and a hearty, good-natured offer of advice; but there was no more response at the

## ON THE SPOT

back door than at the other, and I returned to my mud-covered valise on the sidewalk and paused by the lamp-post to reconnoiter. A big man, wearing a mackinaw and smelling strongly of the cook's shanty, passed me while I was thinking what to do next.

"Excuse me," I said.

"What's that, pard?" he replied quickly.

"Can you tell me where Captain Reaser is? I have a letter to him."

"Why, say, pard, he don't live here no more. He's gone to Silver Creek, forty-five miles down the lake. Been gone three months. I guess he's struck it up there."

"Well," said I, "where's his wife? Is she in town?"

"Nope; she's down in Texas," was the reply. "Gone down there for her health; she's been there all winter; influenzy; just sneezes like a cat all the time; hot weather knocks it, they say."

Groping for another straw, I said hesitatingly:

"Well, do you know anything about the Presbyterian church here?"

"Well, there ain't much to know, stranger,"

## GLORY OF THE PINES

was the chuckling reply. "They ain't runnin' here now. They shet down last fall just about frost. Guess it was because the old deacon here didn't have the dough. It certainly wasn't because this old town is saved, you bet! You're a stranger here, eh? Well, if you're lookin' for churches, better go to some other place. We ain't in a position to accommodate you. But just the same, the boys will be glad to see you." And he swung an open gesture toward the long line of lighted saloons casting a yellow glare upon the walk and welcoming the spring crowd now coming from the drives with big rolls of greenbacks. As I turned, after following his gesture, he had gone.

Just as he left me, the sputtering street lamp, that was working hard to live in the fierce wind, went out, leaving me in the dark, while for the first time the deep note of the surf rolling in across a long bar struck my ear and sounded like a dirge.

This was not just what I had anticipated as the possible welcome to my first parish. I had heard of committees that went out on the way to meet the preacher, delivering an

## ON THE SPOT

address to him and giving him the keys to the town. I had read how Queen Eudoxia hung the Bosphorus with lanterns when Chrysostom came to his pulpit in Constantinople in one of the royal barges. My situation seemed unfavorable by contrast. I had taken the town and the church and myself wholly by surprise.

Stumbling into a store where the men bought their smoking tobacco and navy plug and the children their lead pencils and chewing gum, I besought a kindly man with reddish whiskers to tell me of some one interested in the little white church.

"Why," said he, "I'm yer man. I'm on the job when there's anythin' doin' over there. What can I do for yuh?"

"Well," said I, "I have come to preach for you."

"You don't say! Well, how are yuh anyway?" and he gave me a rough, warm grip that was as good as a meal to a hungry man. "We need preachin' awful bad up here. Where's yer turkey—I mean yer valise? I'll just shut up this here store and get yuh fixed quick enough. We ain't much on

## GLORY OF THE PINES

style up here in the timber, but we might be worse, I reckon. If some one of 'em had knowed yuh was calculatin' to come, we would have been on the lookout. Come across with Mac, did you? Say, but ain't that Sturgeon River a sight these days? Swum yer horses, I'll bet? Sure. Did the corduroy road get under yer ribs? I'm a deacon at the church, but that ain't sayin' much, you understand, for the whole outfit has gone bad. We just naturally freeze up and die every winter. I hope yuh will thaw us out."

And he laughed in a wheezy way as he gathered up my mud-covered valise, blew out the lamp on the show case, and led me out of the tiny store, which was set in the front of his unpainted dwelling. The key was turned on trade till the new parish preacher had been honored.

We went single file down the middle of the street, as though we were on a pack trail, to the camp. Following my new-found friend, who had my baggage on his shoulder, we passed the unscreened barrooms that filled the street, and found at last the welcome of the inn. The little hotel was brimful of the

## ON THE SPOT

noisy hospitality of the forest land. Everybody played the host. The men at the card table watched me write my name in the register, while they held their cards face down for the while. The fellows at the stove pretended to be entirely oblivious to my entrance, but they saw every motion. "Windy" Adams did the honors of host, and I was never in a better position to play the part of star boarder than when, after a short delay, I sat down in the long, lonely dining room before a late supper under the hanging lamp.

While absorbed in the business immediately before me and thinking of the serious possibilities of my proposition outside, the kitchen door swung open and a young woman entered and passed through the dining room. She was dressed daintily and had a bit of spring flower in her hair, while her face was radiant with the joys of young womanhood. She moved with such sylphlike grace and seemed such an unexpected feature in the lonely landscape that I could not help turning to see her disappear at the other end of the room. I was sorry in a way that I did. In fact we were both a little disturbed to

## GLORY OF THE PINES

find that the gaze of one met the gaze of the other, for each had turned to take in the new situation a little better. Her eyes sparkled with a fine light that would thrill any man. They were certainly interesting eyes, and a humor was there that could not be easily restrained. That was why she smiled as she closed the door. I felt better and more at home in my new surroundings immediately, and lost my resentment toward Captain Reaser and the rest of the town for their unintentional coldness. Things certainly were looking up.

Later, turning to my room, I was greeted at the doorway by what seemed the breath from some angel's visit. On the little birch-bark table was a vase of trailing arbutus, gathered at the yet snowy edges of the town. It was my first vision of the sweetest flower that grows. Some one had remembered. It exhaled its perfume from the doorway of that bedroom like the incense from some shrine. The sweetness and woodsy freshness were like the voice of a new-found friend in this strange land. The shining green leaves rimmed a mass of tiny, rose-colored petals that looked

## ON THE SPOT

as though the snow crystals still lay within them. And the redolence was something that yet lives in my memory after twenty-five years of hard work has dulled the edge of many of my perceptions. I went to my bed after that rough day with the arbutus bloom rolling its perfume over me in delicious waves, feeling that after all there were kind hearts everywhere, at least everywhere that one found such laughing eyes as accidentally had met mine an hour before. Perhaps after all the parish would look different in the daylight.



## CHAPTER IV

### *DAVE BRUCE*

**T**HE old Jesuits, creeping along the wild coasts of the Great Lakes, found Ontonagon three centuries ago. Allouez was there with Dablon in 1672, and prepared the oldest coast map of this section of the world, now preserved in the national archives of Paris with other souvenirs of the remarkable achievements of as brave and hardy a company of adventurers as the world has ever seen.

Lake Superior, lying deep down in a bed of rock whose history antedates the cradle of the other fresh-water lakes, ebbs and flows with an ocean tide of its own. Its sweet waters have been tinged at the margins for generations by the blood of warring red men. Great fleets of birch canoes have gone like swift, silent Armadas to the bloody work of Indian warfare along these coasts. Hunger also sent hosts to it annually, for nowhere else

## DAVE BRUCE

in the West were such fish and game to be found as around this inland sea. Its winter storms have always made even hardened sailors of the seas afraid, while the charms of its summer colors and the beauty of its pictured shore lines, lying in an atmosphere of story and legend, have thrilled the hearts of both aborigine and white intruder.

The little white church, whose life I sought to share and direct, came late into history. In 1844 men found that the long finger called Keweenaw Point, and the land behind it, contained vast deposits of pure copper. The mass copper in great veins, that had called Ontonagon into being, took second place when the wonderful discoveries of pebbles cemented together by copper were made later at Calumet, and the uncertainty of mass copper near Ontonagon killed the town. Adjoining mining villages of Greenland and Rockland stood boarded and silent, while a great wealth of copper lay untouched beneath them. The dreams of a railroad entering the village had so often cheered and then discouraged the people that its coming had ceased to interest them. The long stage road

## GLORY OF THE PINES

from Baraga was the only artery of transportation and mail service after the last vessel sailed out past the old pier light and disappeared toward winter quarters at Duluth. The decay of copper mining was death to business, and the merchants that had come in the sixties either fled or lived on amidst a dullness that doomed their fortunes.

But the lumberjack saved the day, even though he spoiled the peace and morals of the quiet little town.

The Ontonagon River drained the hills that rolled back toward the Wisconsin forests, under which lay the unprofitable mass copper and the yet undiscovered millions of iron ore. It poured down out of great forests of pine and hemlock and tapped swamps of tamarack, coming finally, swift, deep and amber-hued, into Lake Superior at the edge of the town. Lumbermen willing to take the chances saw the signs of possible fortune, and two great mills with vast, smoking stacks and noisy, whanging circulars and gangs, with planers and edgers and burners that made the air thick with smoke, together with hundreds of men, took possession of the river's

## DAVE BRUCE

quiet mouth and made over again the face of the earth. The streets, empty one moment, were filled the next. After seasons of peace came weeks of unbridled orgies which ended only when the money brought down by spendthrift woodsmen was gone. There were fourteen saloons, with gambling accessories within easy reach of everybody. There was a stockade, barely hidden in the forest's edge, and filled with women kicked from the slums of civilization. Greed and lust unchecked by home ties or the ordinary restraints of society held sway and made very problematical the moral possibilities in the village of a thousand souls upon which I looked next morning.

Strange to say, I found Dave Bruce's saloon before I found my parish pulpit, but this is easy of explanation. The low, shanty-like building where Dave set out the drinks to his boys was next to my little hotel, and the big, warm hand of Dave met me as I stepped from the doorway next morning and welcomed me to a seat on the whittling bench in front of his "store," as he apologetically called his place of business. He was a saloon

## GLORY OF THE PINES

keeper of an unusual type, full of Irish wit and tenderness, and very wide-awake to business. He was all the while trying to do good in various ways, apparently, to make up for the bad consequences of his prosperity; besides, there may have been in him all the while a conscience of which Dave was taking too many advantages. At any rate, he had the cordial sunshine of a kindly nature written on his face when he gave me a greeting at the bench.

"Well, stranger," he said, "what do you think of the burg? Make you think of Broadway, New York? Yonder are the mills of the Diamond Match Company, over there," pointing to the great, red sheds and yellow piles of lumber and the smoking chimneys. "We like the tune of that old circular that you hear. In the spring it's just like a song bird to us fellows. You know we sit around here all winter, waiting for John Bell to pull that whistle cord and wake the old town up. Are you looking up timber, or are you after that Rockland copper? By George, I wish you were a railroad fellow coming to tell us that something's doing. Come on in and

## DAVE BRUCE

have something on me," he said cordially.

"No," I said, "I want to thank you for your information about the town. I am very much interested, but I don't drink, never did. I have come here to preach at the little white church."

"The devil you say!" he said. "Well, well! I didn't think about that. Of course, you ain't a drinking man. Well, neither am I, for that matter; but say, I'm for this town right from the boots up. You can count on me boosting the little white church if the fellows over there want me to." He sat a little nearer me as he added: "I never expected to be in the gin business when I started out to make my living. My old dad was an elder in a Presbyterian church in Coleraine, but I got crossways with a lot of trouble at home and skipped the old country. And then I tried to hide myself in the woods and live the thing down. Say, come on in here; I want to show you something."

We went into the long, roomy saloon, to a point behind the bar, and from a drawer Dave took a box full of heirlooms. Digging down

## GLORY OF THE PINES

to the bottom, he lifted out a small package, unwrapped it and laid it down on the bar. It was a copy of the New Testament.

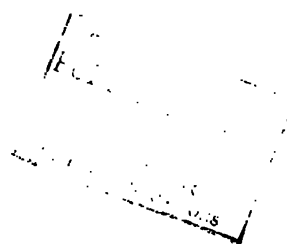
"Say, that's the thing that sticks to me like a sandbur. I never saw anything like it. I have been everywhere, done everything; I have lost my money and my friends, and my character too, I guess, but I have never lost that book. It certainly beats the Dutch. I haven't read a page in it for ten years, but I've got this old green rag around it, that my mother wrapped it in the morning I cut the country, and don't you know the thing always smells like the heather on the village hill where we buried my father? Sometimes, when business is bum and I'm dead lonesome, I just get this thing out and smell it, and if no one's around I can't keep the fool tears back. It's an Irishman for tears and smiles, y'know." And he reverently returned the book to its place and closed the drawer.

"Bruce, that's the book that will knock you out of this bad business," I said. "I don't see how you dare keep it in here, where it's sure to get hold of you some day. When it does, you mark my word, there will



HE LIFTED OUT A SMALL PACKAGE AND  
LAID IT DOWN ON THE BAR





## DAVE BRUCE

be some interesting things doing in this store."

"Well," said he, "it's good money, but I don't find very much fun in it, that's sure! But, say, I'm hoping you are to have a good time here. Nice town." He led me to the door just as his barkeeper set the red bottle out for two woodsmen, who shouted to Dave that they had been "spittin' cotton" for a month, and wanted him to bring the gent and drink with them. It was not a comfortable situation for Dave.

We sat in the morning sun for half an hour, and I learned much, but nothing more interesting than the things I saw in the deep places of Dave Bruce's big, human heart. He took me to the corner and pointed out the church.

"There's yer kirk, dominie. I'm real glad you've the nerve to tackle it, and I'll tip it off to the boys and we'll stay with you, depend on that."

He was truly a part of the parish, and had put me under deep personal debt to him.

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## CHAPTER V

### *A HEART'S CRY*

THE air swept in from the vast expanse of the lake, fresh and sweet, and the low ridge of hills that encircled the town wore a greenness never seen in latitudes where the white pine has ceased to flourish. The sun fell white and warm across the village and touched the scattered and desultory place with a peculiar attractiveness that I could not explain. The sky seemed a million miles high. The lake was piling crested rollers on the long sand beach, and the big combers, roaring and charging the wide shoals, looked like the flying columns of some white horse guard with tangled manes tossing in the air.

I struck a road into the green second growth to the northeast and walked in aisles of silent beauty, where it seemed to my soul every holy thing might be near. A trout stream sang beneath a log culvert over which I passed,

## A HEART'S CRY

and evidently the feeding time had arrived, for the speckled beauties were busy underneath the bursting buds of the overhanging tag alders. The wintergreen and the ground pine and trailing arbutus made the path beneath the trees brilliant and beautiful. The quiet, the odors of the woods, the song birds of the new springtime, the reality and purpose of the business for which I had come to the village, made the forest like a shrine where God reveals himself in an unusual way. And so he did. Nor could a revelation have surprised me more.

As I walked through this quiet beauty, a voice at the left of my path called me. It was a woman's voice and had in it a note that shocked me. I turned, and to my unspeakable surprise looked into a woman's face, peering through the near-by bushes. It was a face in which a pure and gentle womanhood had left its trace, in spite of the story of sorrow written over it. Her auburn hair was blown into fascinating disorder. The suddenness and incongruity of the scene in these green paths of God's out of doors hurt my heart. Here stood the child of some loving home, in shame-

## GLORY OF THE PINES

less garments, in this brutal wilderness, where nothing protected her from the cruelty and bestiality of rude men. I saw at once that before me was without doubt a derelict cast up on this remote shore and going to wreck, body, mind and soul, amid awful storms. I was speechless with surprise. Every bit of manhood in me rose to cry out against the degradation and the bondage of this poor slave, galled by chains she probably would have broken. Here before me was a tragedy sad enough to touch the very core of any man's heart. The great log house I saw beyond her, within the woods, explained the presence of the young woman and suggested one of the heart-sickening features of life among the lumber camps.

"Won't you please let me talk to you?" said the girl in a trembling voice. "I'm not bad; no, no! I'm here because I can't get away. I know you don't believe me, but it's true! They watch me at every step, and keep my clothing locked up, and the horror of it will kill me if something doesn't happen to help me soon. God knows I've suffered enough for my thoughtlessness. Do help me,

## A HEART'S CRY

please! They see me talking to you now, sir, and I've got to stop."

She turned her unhappy face from me, as a big, fair-haired fellow of twenty came walking unsteadily from the evil doorway. He wore the marks of wickedness on his face. He muttered something as he rudely pushed the sad-faced girl to one side and came on toward my path. A gash on his forehead corresponded with the stains that had marred his soul during the brawls and rioting of the night. I was rapidly taking the measure of my task, as the shepherd of a new flock, and was realizing my own incapacity before it. Turning around, the fellow shouted:

"Say, Glory! Who's the sport you're stringin' now? You'd better get to the house; the boss is on to you. I see the constable down the trail, too, and he'll pull you, with them red tights on." The poor thing, with a cry that pierced my soul like iron, fled to the cabin.

The brawny lad looked as though he had run a dozen Marathons. His features were clean-cut, and out from them shone lines of refinement and gentleness. He looked

## GLORY OF THE PINES

ashamed that he had been met. As we walked together toward the town his reticence gradually passed. He quickly knew me for a decent man without asking questions and seemed anxious to straighten things out.

"Who is that girl to whom you spoke?" I said.

"Say," said he, "that's the damnable system at work! That girl belongs to a good home somewhere. She had some hard luck, I guess, and in a fit of foolishness left her folks and came up here to work in some camp for honest wages. That pandering bunch in there lured her here and, believe me, they've got her fixed for good. She'll give up by and by and quit the fight she's putting up. But it's awful. Think of it, a girl like that shut up in such a hole! Say, this is part of the whole devilish scheme, and it's a rotten life, believe me. I'm sick of it."

"Well, my friend," said I, "who is to blame but you? You don't expect to get clear of it by coming out this way, do you?"

"Of course not," he said. "You know I feel like a fool to have anybody see me out this road. I know exactly what this whole

## A HEART'S CRY

business means, and I wish to God I could cut it out. I came from the woods on Tuesday with ninety-four dollars in my pocket, and here it is Saturday and I haven't a cent to my name. Not a dollar has gone for anything but this hell-fire life. It's got me going straight to ruin. When I got through the sophomore year at college I was on the toboggan, and there wasn't anything in the moral law I hadn't trampled on. I was simply done for, that was all, and I couldn't face the folks at home and in my town, and so I got out between two days, leaving no address for anyone. It killed my folks, for all I know, for that was more than three years ago. Say, I have gone clear to the bottom, and while I try to bluff it out with the fellows, I feel as though I was in hell every minute that I am running this gait. I wish I had gotten killed in the fight last night and had ended this whole horrible disgrace of trying to live. Say, man! You don't know anything about this life."

With a downpour of tears and with suppressed sobs that startled me, the big-hearted prodigal, in the pangs of repentance after his



## GLORY OF THE PINES

debauch, sat down on a log and wept as though his heart were broken. Remorse was at work. His sorrow sobered him, and as we walked slowly down the trail in the fresh morning air, I realized that another new and surprising parish responsibility had come to me, and that possibly a friendship had been formed that was to help save a soul. At any rate, we found Dave Bruce on the whittling bench and told him of the girl whose pathetic story was not an uncommon tale to one who knew the local conditions as well as he. It was good to catch hints of so much unselfishness and human sympathy in a man whose business so hurt men. There was a mystery and a contradiction in Dave's character that one could not understand, but he truly was one to be reckoned with in any kind of public enterprise.

Our joint opinion was, as we rose from the bench, that we had best find out quietly the facts in Glory's case before proceeding to organize plans for her rescue, proving to our satisfaction that she was, according to Perlham's understanding and her own story, held against her will.

## A HEART'S CRY

The pathos of the scene in the woods made the evening gloomy for me, and the preparation of a sermon for Sunday morning something very remote from the immediate and crying need that had just uncovered itself, and to meet which, plans were already forming.

In the morning I was greeted by an audience of only seven, Dave Bruce and Perlham, my fair-haired prodigal, being among the number. The high, white-walled pulpit, with lamps on either end, fenced me off from the emptiness of the room and added to the lonely aspect of the worshipers and the timidity of the preacher. There was an organ, but it was mute. No one present could play; Dave, who had closed his place from ten to twelve o'clock, said he could sing before he stopped drinking, but since reforming had lost his voice — so there was no singing! Of course, things went poorly. I felt as though I stood alone in a cold world when I arose, shaking at the knees, and announced my text. The echoing room made the voice sepulchral, and for some reason I gulped hard two or three times after I had said,

## GLORY OF THE PINES

"Let us pray," and saw Dave Bruce and Perlham bow their heads on the pine bench in front of them.

After all it was wholly wrong to feel that there was no sympathy in the hearts of the tiny audience. On the contrary rarely does any man have the privilege of speaking to a more sympathetic and sensitive company of men and women than those who sat through that hour. When I told the story of the Good Shepherd who left the ninety and nine safely in the fold and went out into the wilds to find a lamb that was lost, it seemed that every heart was beating sympathetically in response to the spirit of the message. As I told of how the Shepherd walked, footsore and weary, far into the night, across the fields and rugged hills, with the damp valleys echoing to the cry of his loving heart for the lost lamb, a sweet tenderness settled down on all of us, and Dave blew his nose and Perlham looked as he had done when he broke into sobs the day before. It was when I spoke of the yearning love of the Shepherd's heart toward every lost lamb that there seemed to come from the stillness of that Sabbath

## A HEART'S CRY

forest the agonizing cry of poor, lost Glory in the tangled wilderness of sin.

I felt as though one standing where the old prophets stood should cry out with all their vehemence against the brutality of sinful men and that tolerance of evil that made the imprisonment of Glory possible. I felt as though some kind of war should be preached — war against the sins of the town and the criminal deadness of the conscience of good men who quietly allowed as inevitable in a new country, things black with shame and rife with sorrow.

## CHAPTER VI

### *THE DRIVE*

**T**EN miles from its mouth the Ontonagon River struck a straightaway course between high sandstone walls that shut the stream into very narrow quarters. The swiftness of the water was not the particular thing that added to the troubles of the lumberjacks at this point; it was the pot holes that were scattered here and there in the floor of the channel, that caught the roaring waters as they crowded through the little cañon and hurled them, yellow and foaming, into the overhanging boughs. It was here that the drive took on spectacular interest. Every mother's son at work on the summer log jams took his life in his hand at the dalles. This year the early spring rains, with their customary head of water, quickly passed and left the stream strewn with logs. They hung helplessly on sand bars, piled up at the turps

## THE DRIVE

of the river and choked the narrows. It looked as though a large part of the winter's cut had been forgotten in the shallow stream, while the mills below were on half time, waiting for something to do.

Antoine Payette was a cook who had for years been a personal blessing to every camp for whose food supply he had been responsible. I met him at Dave Bruce's whittling bench, soon after reaching town. His grizzled hair betrayed the fact that it was at least fifty years since he saw the light of day in the village on the upper waters of the Seine, behind which rose hills once clad with forests, a love of which burned in his blood.

One afternoon as I broke out from the underbrush that hid the trail leading to the dalles, I found Antoine setting his camp for the boys on a wide, clean bench of land several feet above the river, as it left the gorge on an easy sweep. It was through these narrows that the waters, now held back at Number Two dam, were expected to-morrow, sweeping the overdue logs toward the mills. Antoine was as excited over the arrival of the drive as though he had not worked for

## GLORY OF THE PINES

the motley crews of woodsmen on this identical camping spot for years. Catching sight of me, as I emerged from the tag alders, he threw up his hand and shouted:

“Ah, ze meenister! He is welcome! Welcome to ze grand sight to-morrow. I feex hees bed in my grand camp to-night, and cook ze food lak any chef in ze grand hotel, eh?” And dropping his tent poles he came forward and grasped my hand with as much warmth and courtesy as though I had stepped into his own home.

“The drive is due to-morrow, Antoine?” I asked.

“Just wait; we have fine beeg night already yet in ze camp here. Ze moon is full to-night, lak ze yellow cheese, eh? I mak fire lak one beeg Bastille burn, and I show you ze bed of ze balsam tree that smell sweet lak any cologne you ever sniff up your nose, and sof’ lak ze goose feathers you mak for you bed in old country, eh?” As he spoke, Antoine swept his hand about the very choice camping spot as though it were his own special property.

The black hemlocks shut in the river far up on either side of the gorge, and when the

## THE DRIVE

stream swung out into the open and turned they followed the receding banks as though to make room for Antoine's hospitality. The mystic charm of the forest was at this moment heightened by the slanting sun of the late afternoon filtering through the pine tops and laying a deep shadow on the channel where logs lay in disorder. The odors of late arbutus and balsam were in the air, and the spring zest sparkled in Antoine's eye and rang in his voice, the high pitch of which echoed the joy one caught in the call of the flickers that hung near the river. I had arrived at the right time. The camp was to be put in order for the "river pigs," who were to work the drive after the gates had been lifted and the waters had done their best.

Antoine had the welfare of every man in mind. He was as nimble as a kitten, and moved to his business without a single lost motion. As I climbed to the high bank to sit and rest, I saw a blue cylinder of smoke rising in the quiet air and drifting off into the dark green boughs. I caught the fragrant incense of that fire as the sweet promise



## GLORY OF THE PINES

of good things. The long walk at the river-side had been all that a forest walk could be, and the ledge strewn with soft brown needles and cones gave me full view of the stage on which Antoine was moving. He was a whimsical and unexpected Frenchman. Suddenly pausing and taking an operatic pose, amidst the curling smoke rising and mysteriously disappearing beyond the tree tops, he sang:

“My smoke he rise and fly away,  
My heart he follow fas’;  
He fly so far for many day,  
He touch her leeps at las’.

“I kees ze smoke jus’ as he rise,  
And kees him all ze time;  
I hope it touch her lovely eyes,  
And mak her leeps for mine.”

Noticing that he had pleased me, he bowed with the air of a stage performer and turned to set the weather-beaten table boards with the tin dishes from his kit.

A little later, when he had put before me, from his spider, ham and eggs, hot and sputtering, and an amazing quantity of potatoes in their jackets, with coffee, the aroma of

## THE DRIVE

which I had caught from my seat on the ledge, this gentleman of the woods stepped behind me respectfully and begged me to look at the sunlight on the hemlocks beyond the river. It was like a golden mist against a background of rich green, while beyond, piling high in the sky, were clouds, silvered at their crests and shaded to leaden gray as they dropped toward the line of tree tops.

"Ze meenister," said Antoine, "have eat at beeg place, grand salle à manger, gold on ze wall and fine music of ze band, but my place he is mos' grand yet. See my painting wall, eh? I got ze gold in top of dees house also, high up when ze sun shines, you know, eh? And ze woodpeck and sparrow song grand orchest for me, eh? Ah, dees vera fine camp place! I hope you lak ma chuck."

No invitation I gave would lead this effervescent worker, whose soul had harmonized so completely with mine, to share the meal that had all the savory qualities of a woodsman's cookery.

Surely this man had a story which the silent forest world, in which his life was buried, had entirely obscured, and as we sat

## GLORY OF THE PINES

by the fire in the nipping night air, under the starlight, he told me briefly the secret of his heart.

"Lonely, eh? Oh, vera much," he said. "I cam queek to dees country, and then I los' my Zambelle. Zambelle my gurl, you know. She was one grand gurl. Her eyes so shine like dees star and her song voice lak bird in ze blossom tree and her skin eet was so soft lak inside ze birch-bark tree. One day she wrote me one beeg letter. It was vera fat letter. I showed eet to ze boys. 'A beeg letter from my gurl,' I say, 'ain't you envy, eh?' I keep ze beeg letter in my shirt all two days. I did not read yet at all, no; for I lak to feel it in my shirt and say all ze time, 'Zambelle, she write me one beeg, fine letter — good gurl! I read eet at night.' But, meenister, it was pretty tough letter, you bet. Zambelle she shake me. When I go away on ze ship and say, 'Farewell, Zambelle, I come for you some day,' she right away love that Cambon feller who spark her mighty queek, just so soon I leave. I feel bad, you bet. But jus' ze same I whistle and cook ze chuck lak one good feller, and

## THE DRIVE

then I pull ze crosscut very hard all day and chop ze ax fierce, and jus' sleep like one log at the bank ground! Forget her? Oh, no, meenister; no, I nevair can forget dat Zambelle."

It was an untellable story of the strife of a warm heart deeply in love and its brave acquiescence in the awful bitterness of disappointment through a friend's treachery. Misfortune and poverty had followed Antoine in cruel fashion, and his hard life in the woods, together with the wound in his heart, had written a pathetic story in the lines of his face. He yet loved Zambelle, and her memory was fresh and sweet in spite of the silence of the years.

The night fire flared fiercely now and then, as the gusty wind rushed down the dalles and swept across the little promontory on which the camp sat. It threw a lurid glare on the background of hemlocks and made the birch trunks stand out weird and stiff. The green eyeballs of a doe and fawn caught our light and for a second reflected it from a tangle of alders across the stream, and then there was much crackling of underbrush and

## GLORY OF THE PINES

forest darkness. The whippoorwill had the pathos of Antoine's story in its strange cry, as did a loon that had dropped into the back-water below us, where the boom chains went across.

Later, when I crept into my tent, which opened toward the fire, and stretched myself on the fresh boughs, I looked across the lighted circle of our camp. In the center of the circle I saw Antoine making ready for the hungry hordes due the next day. I felt the tragedy in the history of that kind heart and was glad to know that it had found the healing balm of the silent woods.

I was still more glad to learn that Antoine had other and more personal comfort as well. As I thought of him, I lifted the loose wall of my tent and let myself outside in the clear night for a while. The stars had a color and brilliancy they never wear except in the North, and specially when they shine down through the dark corridors of the woods. The spell of the spacious worlds above, as well as the solemn beauty of the night-clad earth, was on everything. The quietude was sacred in its meaning to one who had caught the

## THE DRIVE

message of the wilderness. I heard the soft voice of Antoine in his cook tent. Happy man! The stars had touched his heart also; they had sent him back in memory to the boyhood vespers that were chanted in his parish school, and he sang with the intoned accents of reverent worship, and in a language his heart could never forget:

“ ‘Creator alme siderum,  
Aeterna lux credentium,  
Jesu, Redemptor omnium,  
Intende votis supplicum. AMEN.’ ”

And the fellowship of the day had found a fitting benediction.

By ten o'clock the next morning pandemonium had been let loose. The quiet forest was a bedlam. The gates at Number Two dam were lifted at eight and the fierce head of water began its wild rush of twenty miles to the quiet bayou behind the mills at the river's mouth. Antoine knew what was on and assumed the rôle of one who had prepared the whole program. His breakfast was out of the way early and the dinner materials made ready promptly. When the first roar struck our ears it set him dancing.

## GLORY OF THE PINES

“Ah, hooray, this ees eet. He is one pretty fine show. Beeg noise lak cyclone. Shake ze ground much. Ze logs boom! boom! and fly lak ze birds go, and jump lak ze porpus and fight like ze beaver in hot battle. Look, look, man!”

The description was never finished. Above us we saw coming the onrush of water that had been set free at the dam. It was coming like a foam-topped tidal wave that had risen from somewhere out in the forest beauty and quiet and was sweeping everything before it, roaring through the echoing woods with the noise of a hurricane. The big logs from the dry sand bars, where they had hung for weeks, were picked up like matches and tossed into the current. When the water struck the gorge at the foot of which our camp was set, the fun began in earnest. The heavy cuts that had been picked from turns and shallows went booming and tumbling into the narrows, where, jammed together, they ground their rough sides as they fought in the fury of the stream. Long, stringy ribbons as well as huge sheets of brown bark ripped from the bruised logs went snapping through the air,

## THE DRIVE

and now and then a butt length, injured in the felling, split and went to pieces in the turmoil. When the end of a sixteen-foot log struck a pot hole in the floor of the gorge the huge "stick" flew clear of the water and went hurtling through the air. So often did we see this, that the cavorting timbers looked like huge water monsters at play in the frenzied flood, while the crunching and grinding on the rough sides of the dalles added to the suggestion of a battle of primeval brutes.

A tiny cross section of the chaos of creation seemed pictured in the confusion and madness of the crowding waters, coming pell-mell through the defile above us, leaping to overhanging boughs, while whipping the sides of the cañon with great sheets of white and amber-tinted spume. Antoine had not overstated the case. When the drive came through the dalles of the great woods it was written down as one of the unusual features in the monotonous life of the woodsmen, and idlers of the village were generally on hand to see the sight. The foolhardy took chances with peril when they had onlookers, and thus the story of the dalles had many tragedies written



## GLORY OF THE PINES

into it, and every spring other tragic events were expected.

The heavy head of water having passed us, we climbed the bank and walked up the stream to meet the shouting men. They were few but loudly happy and working like beavers in order to take fullest advantage of the running waters hurrying past. Here and there great heaps of logs were cob-piled in midstream and hung amidst the swift water, keyed by one mysterious log. The man who worked waist deep around that tricky pile took chances as he probed and lifted with his pick pole and cant hook, to loosen the key. The huge pile sometimes let go as though it had under it the trigger of a bear trap, and if the man got away with nothing more than a pinch or a heavy ducking, he was lucky.

Jimmie Casson, light and quick as a steel trap, was in charge of the drive. He was to the intricate business of breaking a log jam what Tom Leyard was to the ticklish job of riding logs through the rough water below the gorge. All the men were good-natured as they heaved the halting logs into the

## THE DRIVE

stream or shunted the big logs in platoons around the swift turns. They waded along in the cold water and drove the tricky herd or sprang atop of some spinning log, and, with the sharp corks in their boots acting as talons, clawed the awkward craft athwart an eddy. Every lumberjack played his acrobatic trick as the logs came down, one or two always paying the price of a total disappearance in the rough water, rising to sputter and swear at the jeers of those behind.

It was fierce work, with lifting that strained every nerve and an exposure that killed the weakling. This was the price men paid for living.

When later the water-soaked crowd had sent their logs past the turn below the camp, stacked their peavies and poles and come, hungry as wolves, to Antoine's fireside, he was ready for them. Across a rough table he had laid his tinware, and out from kettle and spider he brought the best he had. There were hot beans, sweet with molasses and rich with the fat of pork and just that moment from an all-night's cooking in a hole in the ground; fried ham, in a deep brown

## GLORY OF THE PINES

gravy; a peck or so of potatoes, in their jackets; bread in vast piles; butter in stone jars; thick jelly in a pail; great triangles of pie, made from blueberries out of the hills; and coffee brewed by one who knew the secret. When the men had washed at the stream side and pretended to put their tousled hair in order with one or two pocket combs, Antoine beat a tattoo on a cooking pan, and the wet, jolly crowd, hurling gibes at one another, and especially at Tom Leyard, for his awkward spill at the big eddy, gathered at Antoine's board. There was the slightest suggestion in the action of the men that something out of the ordinary was probably due in the opening of the meal, in view of the presence of the sky pilot.

"Lefty" McKinloch was in the crowd of hungry peavy wielders, sitting down at the meal. He had still in him too much of the old home in the glen near Inverness to let a meal open without some formalities when a dominie was on hand. He was a vigorous leader among the men, with a musical voice and the unmistakable racial sign in the burr at the end of his words. When he knocked

## THE DRIVE

on the table board with his red knuckles he rattled the tins and got an instant hearing. Said he:

“Boys! It’s na’ but decent that the dominie over there on the box say the grace by this grub, and I’m favorin’ his doin’ it. Will ye speak it for the likes of the bunch, dominie?” He turned toward me a soft, winsome face, all lighted with an old-time glow.

“We don’t generally get the time for to say much afore we eat out here in the woods, for it’s hop, skip, and jump when the drive is on. We know a thing as is good, just the same. Those as is favoring the motion, say ‘Aye.’ It is carried.” “Lefty” struck the table another rattling blow and awkwardly bowed his head, while the less expert in such matters did their best to follow in good form.

It was an unexpected call out of the rough manhood of the wilderness, to which response had to be made in simple, sympathetic fashion, but it changed the character of the meal and put a soft, reminiscent air over the whole crowd. The hunger of healthy men whose tissues had been exhausted by the long morn-

## GLORY OF THE PINES

ing's battle in the stream was behind the eating.

Once "Lefty" wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and, as though he were discharging an obligation, asked sincerely:

"Is the white kirk alookin' up the spring, dominie?"

My answer left in his mind doubt as to the prosperity of the plant.

"If we bring down the drive by the Sabbath, I'll fetch the boys by the kirk and hear the sarmint. Are ye a one lunger or a two lunger, dominie?" and the crowd laughed at "Lefty's" courageous question. Understanding that he wished to know whether the sermons preached were short, I indicated that I was a "one lunger." Taking hold of a stray peavy handle and getting to his feet, "Lefty" seemed more at home, and was more than ever bent on doing the honors of the occasion.

"Boys," he said, "the dominie has come to the dalles for to see us work the drive. We are glad to have him look the likes of us over, and I hope we've pleased him with our show. To my mind, ye've made good thus far, and

## THE DRIVE

I say it ta yer faces. I'm in for ta return the compliment and boost the little kirk. Now don't laugh at this talk I'm giving ye. I ain't the pride of no kirk, like my brother in Aberdeen. He had the hands put on him the spring a year ago. But I guess the rest of ye ain't got nothin' on me. But, dominie, we ain't the dumb pagans ye think. We know about the kirk. I polished a spot on the bench with my little breeks slick enough to see yersel' into it. And if I could na beat them McTavish kids gettin' past the commandments in the catechism, I was for lickin' the whole outfit the day after. Say, dominie, I'm in for the kirk. So are the boys. Forget the story about the boozers that busted up the meetin' last year. I ain't no pink, but I gie ye my word I'm agin that devilment in the house of Gawd, and if any son of a gun tries to break up the worship and I'm around, leave it to me. I'm a mealy-mouthed galoot if I don't knock hell out of 'im."

And the fires that burned in that Scotch blood at Bannockburn were kindling in the loyal but profane son of the kirk.

"Boys, I'm stumpin' ye all to go with me

## GLORY OF THE PINES

to the kirk on the Sunday next and see if the dominie can put the paper over the desk in good style. Those in favor say 'Aye.' It's unanimously carried. We'll be there, dominie, with the cleanest shirt in the turkey and a bawbee or two in the pocket, if Dave Bruce don't get 'em all the night before."

The after-dinner exercises concluded quickly with "Lefty's" surprising address, and the big-hearted fellows, without any ado, plunged into the stream and started on the easiest stage of the drive. Cavaliers they were in burly disguise, somewhat blemished and marred in character, but warm of heart and full of brotherhood, going the whole length of fraternity in the hours of human need that often fell upon their fellows in the long, hard days of toil.

They disappeared down the green-embowered stream, hooking and drawing and rolling the heavy white pine shafts that the flood had not lifted. Their human vigor and power of endurance seemed unbelievable, and their boundless good cheer well-nigh unexplainable. These obscure heroes of the wilderness, whose qualities of manhood the fierce drive was

## THE DRIVE

testing, went singing to their work, their voices ringing through the vast reaches of the woods.

“We’re spurred with spikes in our soles;  
There is water a-swash in our boots;  
Our hands are hard-calloused by peavies and poles,  
And we’re drenched with the spume of the chutes.  
We gather our herds at the head  
Where the axes have toppled them loose,  
And down from the hills where the rivers are fed  
We harry the hemlock and spruce.

“We hurroop them with the peavies from their sullen  
beds of snow;  
With pick pole for a goad stick, down the brimming  
streams we go;  
They are hitching, they are halting, and they lurk  
and hide and dodge,  
They sneak for skulking eddies, they bunt the bank  
and lodge.

. . . . .  
“They loiter in the shallows and they cob-pile at the  
falls,  
And they buck like ugly cattle where the broad dead-  
water crawls.  
But we wallow in and welt ’em with the water to our  
waist,  
For the driving pitch is dropping and the Drouth is  
gasping ‘Haste.’”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Holman F. Day, in “Pine Tree Ballads.”



## CHAPTER VII

### *IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD*

THE mirage that always sent a strange procession of moving pictures along the crest that ran out into the lake beyond Silver Creek was at work on the Sunday morning after the drive. The wind had blown the air clean of all clouds and the sunlight was performing like a wizard on the long point ten miles away. A group of lumberjacks, sunning themselves on the long pier and enjoying the music of the surf behind them, were figuring out the reason for barges standing upside down in the air over the point, and for other peculiar things produced by the mirage. The lake waters rolled in and beat hard on the sand beach. It was the sullen ending of a fierce summer gale, and the play of the breakers pleased the men who had just emerged from the long quiet of the woods. The big mills were still, and only a bit of

## IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD

smoke from the cavernous burners where the refuse was disposed of suggested Saturday. The whir of the circular saws and the high-pitched music of the gangs eating up the big logs that all day long slid noiselessly up the skidway out of the yellow water were still. The lumber barges, with bare masts and flapping telltales at the peaks, were waiting for their loads, and their only sign of business was the big Sunday wash of their crews, swinging on the aft-deck clothesline, and the smoke from the cook's galley. The long, sandy street of the village was empty, and the open doorways of the saloons were welcoming very few.

The night had been a bad one. The silver coin of Saturday's pay roll had done terrible damage to the nerves and morals of a lot of men, besides spoiling the rest of the sleepy townfolk. As usual a bad storm broke when pay day arrived at the mills and the drive came down. Men that never stopped with a few drinks made a long sorry night of it. Bill McDermott treated everyone in every saloon in which he drank, and he missed none of the many. He even went out into the

## GLORY OF THE PINES

street in his overflow of disastrous hospitality and compelled the wayfarer to join him at the nearest bar. Besotted men sat silent and glum, drinking far into the night. Others reeled home in the small hours, leaving all they had earned in the bartender's cash drawer. Men too far gone to know the difference between things decent and indecent sang unpardonable doggerel to droning tunes as they tramped the sidewalk between drinking places. The heat of liquor accounted for several brawls and hand-to-hand fights that did no more than discolor a few cheek bones and make occasion for a variety of profanity never heard outside the lumber country. It certainly made the night hideous for the villagers who stoically looked upon the situation as a necessary part of life in a lumber town. A wagonload of men, on fire with long drinking, now and then passed down the street, yelling like Comanches on the war-path, and drove out into the woods road to the infamous stockade, where orgies indescribable filled the night and killed soul and body. Altogether it had been a wild night, as it always is when men try to lose their

## IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD

loneliness in the noisy companionship of those who know life only on its rough and seamy side.

After the night the Sabbath calm seemed like a spell sent from heaven to bless the suffering village. In the quiet of the morning some of the people had a mind to rest and pray. The old Catholic church stood near the beach, fighting the encroaching sands that gradually were rising to its eaves. Already the rude, unpainted fences around the cross-marked graves in the cemetery behind the church were covered, with but here and there a cross spreading its arms helplessly above the relentless sand. The officiating priest was Father Jean Boileau. By special dispensation of the pope he wore a long brown beard, thus defending himself against influenza in the northern winter. His voice was clear and strong and his office most impressive. He wore as gorgeous canonicals in celebrating mass before his half-breeds and lumberjacks as one would see in St. Paul Without the Walls. To his church behind the engulfing dunes the people had been finding their way since dawn. At eight the poor

## GLORY OF THE PINES

little house was filled and overflowing across the sands that sloped from the doorway. It was a motley company, in all attitudes of worshipful waiting. Antoine was there, kneeling outside, and the intoned cadences of Father Boileau's prayers and the Latin hymn of the crude choir moved him deeply. A frail but alert woman, with the face of a girl, was on her knees at the outer edge of the crowd. She had no part with those who worshiped, and drew her shawl about her face as the others rose to go. A human heart in its hunger and loneliness was here bearing some deep secret no doubt, and evidently in penitential sorrow. And the secret of her soul was wrapped in a mystery as deep and silent as the great woods out of whose green depths she had been seen to come, like some hunted thing seeking safety.

By ten o'clock the little white church was opened and the old bell had rung. It was a fresh, new sound in the monotony of that small world's life, and men heard it gladly, whether they intended to respond or not. The faithful few were gathering. Dave Bruce asked the men sitting on the inside of his

## IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD

"shop" to take the bench outside, as he had to shut up for two hours. The few lazy patrons said nothing as they moved out and watched Dave, with a white collar on his flannel shirt, start toward the church. If there was any derision in any of their hearts, it was concealed. Dave's going to church was nothing of a sensation compared to what occurred when "Lefty" McKinloch came by, lifting his corks high, and steering a half-dozen smoking men from the pier toward the kirk. "Lefty's" crowd was game and met the gibes of the loafers with quick, sharp repartee, for the boys were in an unusual rôle, and knew it.

"Say, Archie, where's yer peavy? You'll need it to keep 'Lefty' awake fer to git him home fer chuck," said Pete Merriam, without turning his head.

"Say, Bill Rawlins, if I couldn't handle a peavy better'n you, I couldn't poke the side of a meetin' house, let alone jab 'Lefty's' nut," and Archie's friends laughed.

"Say, Tom Scott," broke in Jerry Weeks, "put that there pants leg in yer stocking. Don't yez know that there's wimmin over at

## GLORY OF THE PINES

that camp and yez got to be swell? What's ailing your style? Take a brace!"

"That's all right, Jerry Weeks. If I had spindleshanks like yours I'd be anxious to hide 'em too," said Tom.

"Say, Tony," said Bill Rawlins, greatly encouraged by the previous outburst, "if yer goin' over there to cop a crown yez better stand up straight; yer as crooked as a cant hook — the thing'll roll off," and a big guffaw followed this sample.

"Well, ye needn't worry, Bill, about the kink in your back bothering your tinware. If hell is as hot as I think it is, you'll warp straight enough afore you've been there fifteen minutes," was the parting shot of Tony Milligan.

Every fellow outside the queer-looking church-going line got as good as he gave, and while the byplay did not add to the reverence of the day, it did advertise the fact that "Lefty" McKinloch's crew of "river pigs" were on their way to church.

The entrance of the heavy-booted crowd with "Lefty" was something so unusual that the anxious and foreboding ones saw certain

## IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD

signs of trouble. The memory of the old rough-house methods of the loggers was painfully fresh in the minds of those present. There was but one end to the coming in of such a bunch, and that was a lot of godless interruptions and horseplay that would utterly ruin the decency and order of worship. Some of the reckless fellows last year, just down from the woods, had started a ragtime song in the church, to the sacred tune that had been announced. All these uncomfortable possibilities came to the minds of the older persons in the little congregation. Evidently the situation was to be strained and the spiritual outcome of the service very doubtful.

There was a deep masculine note in the singing that was most unusual in the little church where the women had been compelled to take the leadership, and such a respectful silence and apparent attention followed in the service that every intimation as to the violent and irreverent manners of these men seemed libelous. But when "Lefty" arose after the announcement of the hymn that followed the short sermon and started toward the pulpit,



## GLORY OF THE PINES

everyone then knew that some kind of trouble was at hand. He looked as grim as death, and he kept his eyes riveted on the desk while he walked down the aisle, with the strip of red ingrain carpet sticking to his corks and rising as he walked. As he stopped before the pulpit he drew an envelope from the pocket of his mackinaw. The singing had already lost interest on the part of the congregation and become quite feeble, and had not the little organ kept the tune strongly to the front, would have collapsed entirely. "Lefty" handed the letter across the desk, and in a stage whisper that quieted the room completely said that Bailey, the postmaster, had sent it over by him and suggested that it should be read, and something done about it.

Nothing could have created more of a sensation than the whispering parley going on at the pulpit. The mystery deepened when "Lefty" turned and walked grimly to his seat, leaving the letter and the personal request with me. The fainting hymn had entirely fainted and stopped. It was an unusual situation, but sincere and rugged men want directness and reality, and here was a chance

## IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD

to win from them hearty coöperation, if the cause were worthy. I said:

"Friends, Mr. McKinloch has put a letter into my hands which I have not had time to read. It comes with the request that it be read, as I note it concerns an important matter. I therefore read it."

There was breathless silence and craning of necks, especially among the men from "Lefty's" corner, as I unfolded the letter and read:

DETROIT, MICH.

POSTMASTER,

ONTONAGON, MICH.

DEAR SIR, — I am writing to you about our girl Glory. She left us two years ago. She took a boat from here one night with a fellow she met the day before. He was a flashy man and meant nothing but harm for Glory. She was so pretty and full of life, always in for a lark. I don't believe she meant to be wicked. They stopped at the Soo. There he left our poor girl, without money and with no friends and in awful disgrace. The postmaster at the Soo says he thinks a woman by her name went from there to Ontonagon to cook in a lumber camp, and that if she is our girl, and he thinks she is, he would advise us to do everything to locate her. We have written all kinds of letters, but never got a word. She never gave us an anxious moment till lately. We all loved

## GLORY OF THE PINES

her so. How could she do it? In God's name, can't you help us to find a clue to our Glory's whereabouts? Won't you do something to help us bring her back to her father's home? Fortunately, her mother is dead. I'm poor and can't pay you for your services except in the gratitude of a broken-hearted father. Please write.

Yours truly,  
MELVIN GARVIN.

The sermon had not been much beyond a few stories with a practical application, but even these stories were swept entirely from mind by the pathos of the letter and the sad duty on hand. The big-hearted woodsmen were deeply affected by the note. One could feel the tension of their emotions. Dave Bruce's face was redder than usual. Before I could add any suggestions or before the people could recover from their surprise at this turn in the service, Bruce was seen to be making ready to rise. There was a stirring through the whole company and a kind of disorder seemed imminent that the church had never known. Men nodded knowingly at one another. Considerable comment in undertones was going on when Dave Bruce finally got to his feet and said:

## IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD

"I want to say that I think we can help the old man to find his girl. I'll wager that you fellows over there" — pointing to "Lefty" McKinloch's crowd — "know her all right. If she ain't the Glory we know out yonder in the woods, I'm on the wrong steer. She's the girl all right, and I'm up here in this meetinghouse, where I've never been except when we had Tom Tarnsey's funeral five years ago, to say that if a bunch of lumber-jacks like us can't get that Glory for the old man and shut up that sink hole of hell that's got the boys all agoing wrong, we ain't worth the name of men. I'm with the dominie for to scheme that girl out of the clutches of that gang of leeches at the stockade, and do it right away. You can count on me. The sheriff's my friend and he's on, and I know, dominie, that these fellows here are a fighting bunch that never know when they are beaten. That old man with his heart broke has got to have his girl afore he dies, and I'm game for a battle."

When Dave took his seat, dismayed at his long speech, Cyrus Bevan, one of the church deacons, rose and said:

## GLORY OF THE PINES

“Dave Bruce is right; and if he will shut up his own sink hole on Main Street and pour his whisky into the sand and stop making demons out of these men for money, I’ll help him or anyone else find this erring girl. It’s not right, Dave Bruce; I knowed your father, Dave, in the old country, and a godlier man was never buried in the kirkyard. Dave, I played with you on the green when we was young, and no boys ever had better home folks. I remember, Dave, you took the prize for learning the fourteenth chapter of John by heart. You look like your dad, Dave. He’d hate to see his boy set out the hell fire to the men of this town. Cut it out, Dave Bruce! Everybody likes you, for you are on the square. But while you are talking about saving this girl, you better save your own soul; that’s my opinion.” Then the deacon sat down, leaving the congregation utterly amazed.

It was such a startling situation that the little company hardly knew itself, and was in a state of mind to expect anything. Dave Bruce dropped his head in a kind of shocked and confused way, wholly strange to his usual

## IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD

manner. The straight talk of Deacon Bevan had not brought him to his feet in a hot fighting mood, as everyone that knew Dave supposed it would. He sat breathing heavily, with all eyes on him.

It was time to close the meeting and let the new impulses that had started get under way toward some practical end. The benediction was pronounced with considerable difficulty. Some of the men felt it to be an unnecessary formality when important business was on hand; they had their hats on before the apostolic phrases had been spoken. The letter of the broken-hearted father asking for help in finding his Glory had the human touch, and it went straight home to the hearts of the men. The sermon, and even the deacon's surprising talk to Dave, went immediately into the background.

The group just outside the church door was as grave as a meeting of the church session as I approached. The plaid flannel shirts, rusty trousers, smoke-filled mackinaws and big-topped boots gave the crowd a distinctly woodsman aspect. The after meeting had been well opened and was on the way to some-

## GLORY OF THE PINES

thing very prompt and definite. The freshly lighted pipes were filling the air with the smoke of cheap tobacco, and all the restraint of the pews was gone.

"Lefty" was speaking:

"On the square, men, you know this Glory girl, and it's wickeder than sin to be leaving her a minute out there. We will get her by sundown, if we have to bust the whole thing up, and we'll let the dominie put her on the boat to-morrow with a nice letter to the old man. Eh?"

Dave edged closer into the group, and, pushing his forefinger into the bowl of his slow-going pipe, said:

"Boys, I've had my say inside. You may cave in my dome with a peavy if you catch me getting up in a meeting of educated folks and letting go like that again. Old Bevan put the gad to me all right. I'm not sore, either. He hit me between the eyes, you bet. I'll take my dose like a man, too. I'll take it right here. And say, I can't get away from the way the old man loved his worthless boy in the story the dominie talked about to-day; it made me think of my old father

## IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD

and the way I've treated him. I'm ready to ditch my job and clean up my place and help put this old town on the square, if you fellows will get that girl to her home in Detroit. My business is bum, all right. I knew it before Bevan put the cant hook into my gizzard and turned it over before you all. I guess I can't go in for getting Glory unless I cut out the deal I'm giving the boys that I know beats 'em up and sends them and the whole stockade bunch reeling to hell. I've had enough, and I'm done. Listen! I ain't one of them evangelistic cusses, nor I ain't got bats in my belfry, and I don't think I'll grow long hair and be a saint, but I'm on the dead level when I tell you I'm sick of my job and am going to chuck it right away.

"It's up to us to put this deal for Glory's folks across. We want to get busy. The gang out there, you understand, will be on to your scheme before you get out of that gate. They'll fight you hard, and with lots of red liquor on board they are a pack of demons, all right. But we'll do 'em easy and drop Glory at the dominie's for to keep till the boat comes in. I'll pick you up in the wagon



## GLORY OF THE PINES

at two at my shop, if you're game. How is it? It's a pity if we can't do a little handy work for to get a girl that's sick of a bad job back home again when we've got a chance. It's a go, boys. So long."

Dave walked rapidly off, leaving the crowd to scatter slowly. Evidently, something was due. When men who fight the hardships and perils of the woods and laugh at the dangers of the drive plan to get even with some rough proposition, there is no wilting nor halting. Things are going through as planned. Evidently some rough argument would have to be made before the case was settled under Dave's contract.

At any rate, it was a most unusual conclusion to the generally quiet and orderly services of the white church, and as the rough old stalwarts who had the kind hearts that beat in breasts of gentle women walked down the street, it seemed that a chapter of new chivalry might soon be written in the deep, green shadows of the woods.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *OUT OF THE DARK*

**T**HE summer skies over the north woods seem to lift a million miles and hang clear and blue above you. The air, blowing softly across a limitless width of pines and balsams, takes up the fragrance of the forest and throws about you an atmosphere saturated with the tang of resin and the washed freshness of sweet, rare ozone. And when the noon sun is strongly at work it draws from the piles of green sawdust of the big mills and the acres of new-cut lumber the pungent odor of juicy wood, an unforgettable aroma in the memory of men who have lived in it and loved it.

The quiet sky and the pine-laden air of noon were over the village as the services of the white church ended and the little flock, deeply wondering what was to happen, disappeared. The circle of the tamaracks be-

## GLORY OF THE PINES

hind the mill sat green and thick and shut closely in a cool stretch of wild, wet, meadow grass, into which the deer generally came at sunset, to browse and drink. Behind the town the clear edge of the sloping ridge, wearing something of its old glory of verdure, made a fine horizon line, to which the pure Sunday sky fell. Through the drowsy atmosphere came the tinkling of the cowbells of the village herd grazing near. Two or three roadways rising to the east and soon losing themselves in the wilderness shone like white lines of sand, and were woven like warp into the woof of unbroken green. Gulls, flying in long curves, swept in from the lake and passed back and forth over the town, breaking the Sabbath stillness by their raucous squawk, especially when they dropped to the water's edge in noisy debate over a fish washed ashore in the night's storm. The unrest in the hearts of "Lefty's" men and the anxiety of the worshipping few at the white church were out of harmony with the serene quietude of all outward things. However, a strange but real storm was now brewing amidst all the peace and rest of the forest edge.

## OUT OF THE DARK

Divine influences work in advance of our human strategy, and do for us in wholly unexpected ways what we have thought could be done only by our own clever scheming and labor. Big, hard programs are often set aside and dreaded tasks done before us so easily that the surprise borders on the amusing, until finally we connect the outcome with the divine order of doing things. The human heart in its own devious motions constantly obviates and stultifies the schemes and plans of the wise ones and leaves men guessing blankly how things came about.

The lure of the dark and obscured wilderness life had appealed to the broken, despairing and deserted Glory. She would hide forever from the face of those who knew her in the silent woods, with their doubtful and unknown life. There, certainly she would add nothing further to the scandal of the home circle and escape the gossip and harsh criticism of friends and the whole terrible publicity of her shame. Parental rebuke and newspaper notoriety would hurt her proud spirit more than going the whole length of her wildest impulses and living in the liberty

## GLORY OF THE PINES

and solitude that the great woods alone could provide. She heard the promises of big money in an hour of abject poverty, and of a racy good time in her days of terrible loneliness. There was plenty of demand for good-looking women in the varied work of the lumber camps along the south shore, and the battle against circumstances could the better be fought if she were only lost to her old home life. So Glory found the road, the end of which she did not know.

Other young women whose lives had been thwarted, and some who seemed so weak and rough and coarse that they shocked her, were on board the "Majestic," that followed the picturesque shores of Lake Superior and made all ports in season. But Glory was not like them; the thought was always with her that, when in due time she had made some money and the memory of her escapade had somewhat dulled, she would turn again toward home and make amends for what was cruel and wholly unpardonable. Each step from now on was accompanied by a shock of which the callous-souled company she found aboard seemed to have no consciousness whatever.

## OUT OF THE DARK

The wonderful beauty of the lake as she saw it piling up at the bow of the ship or breaking its long rolls against the rocks of the weirdly marked shore cliffs a mile away, together with the clinging memories of her good home and the life of a sweet, dead mother, brought to her moments of terrible remorse, in which she felt as though relief could be found only in flinging herself over the deck rail into the icy waters below. Then the brazen, false courage of her friends, who chided her for not making merry on a trip like this, and hurled keen, cutting gibes at her for being a tenderfoot, rallied her into light-heartedness again. And so she came seeking honest labor for her hands and willing to dare everything that she might be forgotten forever by those she loved most.

The guiding hand that was apparently trying to lead her to a hiding place where her heart would die alone and unknown was the hand of greed and hateful desire. Work? Yes, plenty of it! But sorry work indeed, and the more of it a girl found to do, the sooner she sank from the view of that friendly world that Glory now feared to meet. The

## GLORY OF THE PINES

town, they told her, was full of people seeking work and had no task for her; so the luring, heartless friends hurried her on into the deep, shadowy woods whose sheltering silence Glory yearned for!

Here the story baffles telling. Reality becomes more trying to the heart than fiction. The haunts of the cruel, coarse and unbridled passions of the woodsmen repel the efforts of decent words of description. Conditions of life crushed every spark of delicacy and nobility in men and women. A great log house, set in the edge of the forest, a mile from town, was all that whisky and the sodden souls of men and the marred lives of degraded women could make it. Here was where the possibilities of a better life had been quenched for scores and tragedies of soul that made angels weep had been wrought. Here womanhood had no sanctity, and manhood, besotted and blunted in all moral sensibilities, knew no restraint. In evil fires all the pure and noble things in life were consumed.

Into this strange horror came Glory, who as a disobedient girl had strayed but a

## OUT OF THE DARK

step or two from the right road. She was at once manacled by fear. Brutal men and women told her of her place and business and indicated that her life depended on her being square with the house. Her womanhood rose in a storm of rebellion, while she sat in dumb silence. Her soul grew numb before the coarse things about her. For a while she utterly died to the world of love, hoping to rise again some day, somewhere, in a new, sweet, clean heaven of girlhood. Out of the abyss that had yawned and swallowed her, she hoped somehow to come. Disillusion and sorrow found her. The shame of it all fell anew into her heart, where the old-time sense of purity and a mother's ideal yet lived.

The last letter from home, strangely enough had found Glory; the postmaster at the Soo was an old lumberjack, and his instincts were well trained. Through a mistake of the head of the house the letter had been delivered. It was fuel to the hot fire of remorse burning in her soul. The slave's work in the daytime was killing her; the shocking things of the night were crushing





SHE FOUND HERSELF AMIDST THE WOODEN  
CROSSES OF THE OLD CEMETERY

## OUT OF THE DARK

She had never dreamed of being a despised woman, nor had she thought that the life of men and women possibly could be so stained and low. All the glamour of a life beyond the restraints of home was gone. The false spirit of girlhood that craved adventuring had passed. Never was sin so repugnant, nor her sense of the need of God more poignant. Like a wounded deer, dragging itself through the forest with an arrow in its heart and its lifeblood wasting, Glory went on and on, farther and farther from the dingy lights and tuneless music of the house of her bondage. It was a night with long and measureless hours, but in the silence of the kindly pine trees she wept and prayed her soul back toward better things.

She found herself at dawn amidst the wooden crosses of the old cemetery, behind Father Boileau's church. The sands had tried in vain to cover those indomitable crosses. They rose as though to tell her in her agony of the power in those outstretching arms to save and sanctify, in spite of the accumulating sins of men. There they stood in the dreary waste of sand, the emblem of a

## GLORY OF THE PINES

loving self-sacrifice, the pain and sorrow of which she now began to feel. The surf at the sandy edge below the slope on which the old church stood was moaning as with the slow measure of a dirge, and the only note of tenderness and joy was that of the early birds feeding in the sparse bushes near by. Something in the sight of the crosses over the forgotten graves of frontiersmen brought from the sorrowing heart one flood of tears after another; but the tears were not the bitter, resentful tears she had shed earlier in the night, when, in a defiant rage at the hardness of men's hearts, and the merciless circumstances that hemmed her in, she gave way to the long-pent-up passions of her soul. That soul was now coming to its own and wanting rest and peace again.

The crosses subdued the hatred in her heart and put an end to the fierce raving against God and man that broke from her when the full meaning of her situation smote her. The tide of tears that now poured forth came from the deeper places of a broken and subdued heart. Returning womanhood was making its strong claims again. Every good

## OUT OF THE DARK

thing that had ever come into Glory's life called her. The sacrifice of her dead mother and her spurned prayers and kindly advice came to her as though written in her awakened memory in letters of fire, and the story of the Christ loving back into sanctified life and acceptable service the woman who broke from the restraints of those who loved her rose out of the forgotten things of her Sunday-school life and put a hint of hope in her tears. If some great heart with the gentleness of a saint and the patience of the Nazarene could only take her trembling hand in the hour of struggle and lead her on!

There was a meaning she never before knew in the chanting of Father Boileau's prayers as she crept quietly into the crowd at early mass and fell on her knees on the sand. It was strange worship to one accustomed to the simpler and more direct forms of the church, but it was comforting. These poor men and women kneeling about her were so remote from the sorrow of her heart and so blind to the mystery of her pain! Would any human ear dare hear her story, so full of shame, and would anyone be kind enough,

## GLORY OF THE PINES

having heard her story, to give her a word of cheer and help her home again?

As I turned to leave the white church after setting the house in order for the evening, I noticed the swiftly approaching figure of a young woman entering the dooryard, and I paused in the half-open door to await her greeting. It was Glory.

"Are you the minister?" she said, as she passed quickly in at the half-open church door and paused in the tiny vestibule under the old bell rope. "You can help me if you will. Oh, I know you will! Let me tell you of my trouble."

"Aren't you Glory Garvin, whose home is in Detroit?" I said.

"Why, yes," she said in a startled and strained voice. "Have you seen me before?"

"Yes, Glory," I said. "I saw you yonder in the woods not long ago, and I have not forgotten the sorrow I saw in your face."

The worn body of the pale woman shuddered and her sad face clouded as though she feared that which might follow.

"Let me hasten to tell you, Glory, that

## OUT OF THE DARK

we have all prayed earnestly for you, and this very morning I saw a letter from your broken-hearted father, in which he tells the sad story of your leaving him and his long and hopeless search for you. He wanted us to help find you, and bring you home again before he died of sorrow, and Glory" —

I got no farther in the narrative of the morning's events, which the wounded heart in its sorrow needed not to know, anyway. Her soul had gone through purging fires of remorse, and once again she broke into a flood of penitential tears, and amid the sobs and moans laid her sad needs before me. The charity with which she clothed the treachery and deceit of the men and women who had lured her into the fastnesses of sin and bound her in months of helplessness, and the fact that she assumed for herself the responsibility for the whole shocking story of her unhappiness, bespoke the emergence in her of a new, strong womanhood and the softening influences of a newborn spirit.

How mercilessly she reprimanded herself for the unforgivable disobedience to her

## GLORY OF THE PINES

father and her flight from home under circumstances the thought of which seemed utterly revolting! There was no pause in the outpouring stream of her self-condemnation, in which a word of comfort and suggestion might be given. Every phase of regret that a woman's soul could know seemed to present itself in the sad inventory that Glory insisted on making. The thought that her father had appealed to others on her behalf, and that she had found an open door of refuge in a church where the happiest days of her childhood had been spent in years that seemed ages removed, and that an outstretched hand had been found in the acute agony of soul now upon her, was too much for her! The final storm which was to sweep Glory's sky clear and bring calm and a new day for her broke over her soul as she dropped on her knees. She wept as only women weep whose womanhood has been marred, and who in their sorrow have caught the vision of that holy compassion that shone in the divine face when He wrote a silent message of comfort in the sand and rose to say with a love that has saved despairing women of all

## OUT OF THE DARK

ages, "Neither do I condemn thee: go thy way; from henceforth sin no more."

It was the scourging home of an erring child. The lashes and thongs of her conscience had driven the poor fugitive over a long and weary road, and now, once more, she was near the threshold of better things and was about to step across. Public opinion and all the hateful gossip of the circle of friends in which she moved must be reckoned with. Her welcome at home, where she had forfeited everything, was problematical, even though her father's letters seemed to leave no doubt about the matter. The women in the church, so pure and good, despised her, and the duty of turning to meet again the old scenes and the round of daily living among her own brought deep anxiety and sinking of heart. In the moment of prayer she was lifted into the arms of the great Friend who never turns a deaf ear to a single cry of any woman suffering from the heartlessness of men. A peace had come that past months and years had not known, and a new sense of moral strength fell upon her which she feared to believe was to be permanently hers.



## GLORY OF THE PINES

In her regained composure she arose and said with a new note in her voice:

"I'm a poor thing, but I'm free, and if God will help me I'll live as I've never lived before. In the name of God, can't some one do something for the girls in that awful place in the woods, out of which I've escaped — I can't tell you how? God never intended such horrors to be. If good men here only knew how wicked men are out there, they wouldn't sleep another night till the place was shut up or torn down."

The heart of the escaped prisoner was bleeding for others, and a new note had struck in a life that might have gone out in misery.

It was a new spirit that filled the soul of Glory, as she hesitatingly accompanied me to the home of one who knew the human heart and still loved men and women. As she passed into the quiet atmosphere of the sympathetic home and the arms of a good woman enfolded her, she seemed like some storm-beaten ship that, after drifting rudderless and helpless on the dark, open sea, had found at last a port and was safely moored.

## CHAPTER IX

### *DEATH AND THE GIRL*

SUNDAY forsook its mild appearance of serenity about two o'clock in the afternoon, when a lumber wagon jolted up to the wooden curb in front of Dave Bruce's place, the door of which had been shut since early in the day to the amazement of the thirsty lumber-jacks accustomed to patronize Dave's bar. So unusual was this neglect on Dave's part that a rumor started that he was dead; but the appearance of "Lefty" McKinloch and his men on the sidewalk in front of the saloon, together with the wagon, in which Dave himself sat holding in a wiry team of rough woods horses from the town barn, dispelled the rumor.

The hurried plans for the rescue of Glory and her return to her old father as drawn and approved in the churchyard that morning had not only been confirmed by the after thinking of these stalwart men of the peavy,

## GLORY OF THE PINES

but had actually taken on a more serious and sweeping purpose. Besides, Dave Bruce was a desperately determined man, with a new conviction working into his heart. His big new passion, which had broken into surprising expression at the close of the morning service at the white church, had not only been a signal for burning bridges behind him in all matters pertaining to his business, but for the deepening in him of a purpose, the nature of which no one suspected. He was on the warpath against the things he had always secretly hated, and no one could halt his advance. In the proposed enterprise of chivalry he could ask no more loyal followers than the rugged group that climbed eagerly into his wagon. The scheme for taking the shackles from one poor girl's hands had widened in its scope. A far stiffer proposition was on, owing to news that had been received announcing a sudden death in the stockade the previous night.

The men were aroused by the report. The word as it had been brought in was far from reassuring, and the dullest moral sense in the community rose in protest. Diplomacy and

## DEATH AND THE GIRL

an appeal to the tedious and halting means known to law seemed foolishness in an effort to put the lawbreakers of the old stockade out of business. Every man seemed all at once to take on himself a new responsibility for the good order of the community, and particularly for the welfare of the women, for whom no one, in the whole story of the town, had ever been brave enough to stand. These were not spotless men, gathering for the battle on behalf of liberty and purity, but they were willing fighters when convinced that things were not on the square and that there existed injustice and suffering to be relieved. The filling of a wagon with men at any saloon door in town was no unusual sight, nor was there ever any doubt as to which road the noisy crowds would take. But when Dave's men drove off without boisterous talk and banter or the more hideous tokens of drunkenness, the idlers on the walk wondered if Dave Bruce was not engineering the funeral of some woodsman; and when the wagon stopped and picked up the minister, the mystery as to the errand of the crowd grew quite exasperating.

## GLORY OF THE PINES

"Get in, get in," said Dave, as the wagon halted at my door; "the gang is all here and it's the best bunch of men for the business you can find from Duluth to the tip end of Keweenaw Point."

There was no time nor place for me to announce quietly to the crusaders that Glory had left the woods, nor to explain that she was now in the safe-keeping of a good home we had just passed. These burly reformers were out for real, definite work, nor were they in a mood to be turned aside from the larger program had they known that the first object of their expedition had already been accomplished by the grace of God and a woman's wounded conscience. I climbed into the wagon, wondering what kind of crusade might be advancing on the strange strongholds of sin at the dark edge of the beautiful woods.

As we struck the forest we halted for a parley on ways and means and an inventory of men and general resources likely to be needed if the excursion carried its point. There was nothing short of a sensation when, after the jolting wagon had come to a standstill, I said:

## DEATH AND THE GIRL

“Boys, let me say just a word. I have had no chance to break the good news. I’m sure what I’m going to tell you will make you more earnest than ever in carrying out your plan for clearing out the stockade that has violated the laws of God and the State of Michigan for years, and disgraced and ruined more men and women than any other one place in this whole county. Glory has escaped. She came to see me to-day, shortly after you men had left the church. I never saw a sadder face nor heard a woman’s cry that so touched my heart. She had wept and prayed all night under these trees. She is free, but I want to say to you that she poured out her heart in an appeal for the other girls, and if it gets into you as it did into me, there’ll be something doing before we get out of these woods. I pass on her words to you men just as she spoke them to me: ‘In God’s name, won’t you help the other girls?’ ”

The significant silence that followed my statement was broken only by the tapping of a woodpecker on the dead shaft of a birch near by and the call of the jays back along

## GLORY OF THE PINES

our trail. The evident satisfaction that the men felt at the escape of Glory in no wise lessened their interest in the making of plans for the routing of the evil forces that were working such ill upon the men of the woods. It fired more deeply their easily moved hearts and wrought their feelings to a higher pitch than ever! The fact that rude, unlettered forest rangers in old, camp-stained clothes were playing the rôle of moral reformers and holding a council of war in the deep shadows of the pines, within easy reach of the enemy's stronghold, was something striking in the history of the woods life.

It was Tom Scott who broke the silence.

"I'm ready with as good an iron as ever pumped lead," he said. "It's right here in my jeans, and if it's good shootin' you want I am your minuteman. It's a rough-neck crowd we're goin' against, and you won't handle 'em by soft soapin' 'em and stringin' 'em with a lot of easy words. You want to be right on the spot with your finger on the hair trigger when you put them fellows out of business, and you listen to me, too." The animated features of the speaker left no

## DEATH AND THE GIRL

doubt about his entire willingness to go to any length of violence, that the morals of the immediate neighborhood might be improved.

"Well, hold on there, Tom," said "Brandy" Wilson; "you ain't the main guy, are ye? I want to tell ye I ain't so anxious to get into a scrap as you are. I don't want a couple of that gang pinkin' my ears with them number twenty-eight cartridges that they always have handy, and, besides, it would be too bad to make such an awful noise on the Sabbath, if there be another way out of it. I ain't showin' the white feather, you understand. I'm in for gettin' that joint shet, you bet. They's more wrong doings winked at by the county out here than it would take forty lawyers to ferret out. But are we a pack of raiders goin' out to shoot up a lawbreakin' gang because we don't know what else to do, or are we goin' to get the whole bloomin' town behind us by beatin' the sheriff to his own job in a decent way? The shootin' iron is all right, if you hain't anything better, but that's a blamed poor way of makin' bad people good, if I know anything about human nature up in this neck of the woods,



## GLORY OF THE PINES

and I reckon I do. What do you say, dominie?"

Just then a wagonload of woodsmen went by in all stages of mental disorder. They were singing and laying the gad to the poor horses and driving hard, while hurling coarse gibes and words of advice to us, who, as they supposed, were planning to take up the program where they had left it.

As they went roaring by and on down the trail they left behind an echoing wake of discord in the Sunday woods. Something unusual had happened in the stockade. The death of the nameless girl had evidently sent these rioters back to town at this hour with their customary prolonged reveling shortened. These broken and stained remnants of men, desecrating the purity and quietude of the deep, green woods by their noisy blasphemy, were a heart-breaking comment on the deadly power of sin when given free rein in the lives of strong men.

If the spirit of Dave's men needed any more quickening for the business on hand, the picture of the wagonload of loud-mouthed fellows, whom even the fresh memory of

## DEATH AND THE GIRL

death could not tame, was all that was needed.

Before I could reply to the inquiry just made, Dave Bruce was speaking to the point:

"There won't be any need of that old blunderbuss of yours, Tom, and you couldn't hit the side of a mill with it if you had all day to do it in. Besides, a fellow that gets buck ague as quick as you do, better not get into the infantry right on the first charge. Keep your old gun out of sight, Tom. 'Brandy' is on the right track. Everything is working fine. That crowd has gone home dead broke and there won't be anybody to fight. You leave the preliminaries to the dominie and me, will you?"

The crowd agreeing, the wagon was again on the move.

Never was the sunlight more beautiful than it was as it fell through the pine tops in great, golden splotches on the green floor of the woods. The sweet ferns exhaled their heavy fragrance as our wheels rolled through the rank growth at the roadside. The plumes on the young firs brushed our faces sharply now and then, while the needles and green

## GLORY OF THE PINES

cones of the vigorous, overhanging pines were constantly punishing the careless traveler. The song sparrow was at his business in the warm afternoon sun, and his tiny warbling amidst the big hemlock trunks and lofty branches suggested that perhaps sweetness and gentle melody after all can rise above and dominate bulk and strength in the coarse physical world.

As our crusading company arrived at the dilapidated fence inclosing the ill-reputed log house, a pair of mourning doves, hidden in the cedars at the left of our wagon, broke forth in tremulous and plaintive notes, as though they had heard of the sorrow and broken-heartedness in the woods that had called us forth. There was an air of restraint and depression upon the crowd that everyone felt ashamed to mention. When we saw a bit of a black rag at the old door knob, we knew that death had done its work and had put a quiet order and an air of decency upon the whole place.

"Boys," said Dave, pointing to the death sign fluttering at the door, "the whole deal's different. Some one's been here before us

## DEATH AND THE GIRL

and has put the clamp on the place. When he comes," he said, throwing his thumb over his shoulder, "everyone knuckles. Dominie, this makes me feel awful; I never took this old partner into business with me before, did you? But he certainly has beat us to the post, and the shack is as quiet as the graveyard. I guess there's all kinds of trouble out here, dominie, and I'm mighty glad you're along."

It was agreed that Dave and I should go in and talk things over, reporting the situation. We left the crowd quiet and solemn, as though each man had lost a friend, and, approaching the log house, did the unusual thing of knocking at the door. It was indeed a place of unrestrained grief. The entire household was sitting in genuine fear and sorrow. Death had suddenly claimed one whose life had been wrapped in a mystery that no probing could break. With death in the house, a strange dread was in every heart. These violent natures were giving themselves to loud weeping, and, face to face with the realities of eternity, remorse was at work in all hearts. It was a timely visit and an

## GLORY OF THE PINES

auspicious moment for the message we bore. At the first quiet moment, and in response to the resentful looks with which everyone challenged our right to intrude, I said:

“I’m the minister at the village and want to say just a word to you. We have seen the crape on the door and have heard that Death has come to one of your number. We can’t hide from Death. He always finds us. I know you feel badly and I want to say that you have our sympathy in this trouble; and before I leave, if you want me to, I’ll pray for you all. It is awful for Death to catch a girl here, lost to everyone but God. It is not the place for you to live in, surely not the place to die in. This is Sunday, and it once was a good day to some of you, when you went to Sunday school and sang the children’s hymns that you never can forget, no matter where you go or what you do. Those hymns are always with us. You can’t forget them. It will do you good right now to think about those happy days while I sing a verse of one of the hymns, and if any of you can join me, all right.” Amidst an impressive silence that showed how all hearts were turning hungrily

## DEATH AND THE GIRL

for sympathy, we sang, with the help of three or four and a few attempts at bass support from Dave:

“I am so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of his love in the Book he has given;  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,  
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.”

It was not the singing but the song, and the tide of memory that swept in upon those sorrow-stricken, sin-hurt women, that left them, with few exceptions, sobbing. The spell of death had broken the spell of sin. The hour of liberty and hope for those bound seemed near, if softened hearts and if hot tears meant anything. There was a call to these hearts from the chill, mute lips of death that parental appeals, the loving entreaties of wise friends and the abstract principles of purity had never made. The black crape at the door had turned back to town even the most callous-hearted rioters, and left the miserable household to its own grief and biting conscience. It was well! Dave had wiped his eyes surreptitiously several times while he stood quiet during the brief talk;

## GLORY OF THE PINES

the fires of his heart were burning hotter and hotter.

"Jenn," he said to one who seemed to have herself well in hand and to be assuming some responsibility for affairs, "I suppose you are surprised to see me with the dominie out here at your place. It's a new deal, Jenn. I'm quitting my business and am going to throw my booze into the street. God help me, Jenn, it's all over. Your business and mine have got to go. It's not right. I've been helping the fellows to hell long enough, and I'm done! I'm going to see if I can't help them the other way a little. You know me, Jenn, and I know you. This whole infernal business has got to be shut up, and the whisky and wickedness kicked out of the woods. With that dead girl in this house I know you feel just as I do. Every bad thing I ever did was staring me in the face while the dominie and the girls were singing that little hymn. Jenn, you were a happy girl in your old home, before the Devil got you going, and you know you ain't seen a happy day since you got to steering things the wrong way. Won't you cut it out, Jenn, and let everyone get out of

## DEATH AND THE GIRL

here? In the name of God, let's you and me break loose from these tough things before they hang crape on the door for us, and folks fall to wondering where to bury or ship us. I'm new at the talk on this line, but I'm here to say I'll help you out if you'll quit this damnable hole and nail it up. The dominie and I will get good places for all of you that want to work, and we'll raise the dough to get the rest of your crowd to their old friends. Won't you quit it, Jenn, and start all over?"

Without, apparently, hearing the earnest appeal, the woman said:

"Dave, can't the dominie say a prayer for Dora before the wagon comes? She looks so quiet and good, and she went so quick that she scared us all nearly to death."

The prayer was offered with the sobbing company kneeling of its own accord in various parts of the room, and the yellow gleam of a candle that some kind hand had put at Dora's head falling through the doorway of the next room, where she lay. Her hard, sad life was at an end and the secret of her life dead in her bosom. No one could have prayed other



## GLORY OF THE PINES

than, that out of the shock of this sad death some chastening and purifying of soul might surely come to these grief-stricken women and that the sympathy and forgiveness of Him who knew the frailties and perils of the human heart might be shown. We rose from our knees just as the afternoon sun broke through the shaded window and filled the room with a golden light, and one could not feel otherwise than that perhaps a new spirit had fallen upon the despised house, in its sorrow and sin.

"Dave," said Jennie, "I can't say for myself what I'll do; I've got nothing on earth to live for. Everybody in the world despises me, and I'll get no peace till I'm dead, but I hate this business just as much as you do. As for these girls, they've got everything before them if they can only get out of here and go straight. I never had anything hit me like the death of Dora. I'm getting an awful punishment. The suffering of that Glory girl, who got out of here last night, I never can forget. It was an awful thing to see her here; I'm glad she's gone. Could you and the dominie look after these girls and

## DEATH AND THE GIRL

get the poor things a chance again? Don't mind me; I'm done for."

A fierce struggle was on in the poor woman's hardened but smitten heart. It cannot be told to the end. Changes in life's point of view and the revolutions in the soul, whereby old tyrannies of evil are cast down and new and noble empires set up, with new tastes, new motives and new-found ambitions, making a wholly new régime, are the ever-recurring miracles of grace. No friend of these men and women in the rough life of the woods is ever surprised at the sudden turns in life's path, for these people in the solitudes see things clearly and feel things deeply. The great Shepherd never forgets his wandering sheep.

A knock at the door brought information that the "wagon" was there. Dave found himself in charge of the final ceremonies. He called in the men, dumbfounded at what they saw happening, and asked that four of them act as pallbearers. The burden was tiny for strong arms. A few words of comfort were spoken, and the big men, with tears in their eyes, carried the rude box to the wagon, in

## GLORY OF THE PINES

which they placed it as tenderly as they knew how. "Lefty" gathered a bunch of sweet fern and lupines and laid them on the box. Tom Scott had forgotten about his gun, as he and "Brandy" Wilson with the others trudged at the side of the wagon, with hats off, doing every respectful thing they knew on the way to the poor little cemetery not far from town. Dave and I followed, with a few of the burdened hearts that had nearly forgotten the shock of Dora's death in the revelations of the last hour. It was not a stately procession that found its way out of the woods to the village burying place. The pain of real sorrow in Dora's death was not there, and her grave was to be a spot forgotten forever. We laid away this lonely child of sorrow in the bleak, sandy strip called by courtesy the cemetery, and when "Lefty" and Dave had heaped the grave and rounded its top with reverent hands and laid the ferns and lupines athwart it, a prayer was said. The crusade was done. It had failed to serve through no fault of its own; simply because it had found its work accomplished by other hands.

The door of the old house closed forever

## DEATH AND THE GIRL

when Dave's wagon brought to the morning boat the little company whose sudden liberty left them to choose new paths in life. In the unexpected hour of choice for the most of them the appeal of the old home was heard with new interest and they turned once more toward it, and God only knows how fares the spirit of those erring children whose wandering feet took them into paths of forgetfulness, but to whom death and mystery at last brought penitence and another chance.

## CHAPTER X

### *BEAUTY AT THE PARISH EDGE*

**T**HE high tension of one's emotions and the practice of self-restraint and composure under stress of painful surroundings tell on a man's nerves. But in the tonic air of the northern latitudes, with streams flowing down out of forest snowdrifts and filled with trout, one is wholly inexcusable if he allows his burdens to overtax him.

The streams that find Lake Superior are worthy streams. Among them are vast rivers that flow with the mighty bulk of continental waters and go leaping and tumbling to the lake level through as rough and varied channels as the wild north country knows. But the south-shore streams are in a land of quiet levels, save here and there. Small but free-flowing streams break the shore at intervals, and in them the finest trout find their spawning beds and feeding grounds. There

## BEAUTY AT PARISH EDGE

is nothing that more immediately answers the purpose of first aid to the injured nerves than a trout stream in the primeval woods.

To start with, the speckled trout himself is so unique and interesting, a denizen of the cold forest waters, that his pursuit with a leader full of well-chosen flies makes for the most diverting sport in the world.

Men who know, feel as though they were courting in royal circles when trying for speckled trout. By breeding, general demeanor and a prowess that makes him famous, the trout is a unique and exclusive fish. One detects his highborn qualities, not merely by the badge of color that he wears, but by every turn and spring he makes when feeding in the stream, and especially by his masterful tactics in battle. He has not outgrown wholly the traits of his sea-going ancestors, and brings to us the beauty and power of his roving fathers. Men who take him must play fair and most certainly must play the game straight through to the end. To many a man the gentle art of casting trout flies upon a cold, swift stream, where beauty shuts him in on every side and good trout await

## GLORY OF THE PINES

his patience and skill, is a supreme out-of-door delight. It brings in its train so many beguiling accompaniments and such a variety of distinctly wood joys that no true fisherman ever thinks of measuring his pleasure by what he has caught.

There was a high barometer and no breeze, and a great hunger in my heart for the music and solitude of the woods stream, when Bill Emery, a native-born woodsman, with instincts that sixty-five years had not dulled, led me through a rugged trail to Eagle River. We traversed four miles in his flat-bottomed boat before reaching the best fishing. The going was the motion of dreams and generally as smooth as a passage through the air and as noiseless, save for the sharp ring of Bill's steel-shod pike pole on the stony bottoms. The water was as clear as crystal. The overhanging green was restful to the eyes, and the silence like balm to the soul. As we swept around a shaded bend the afternoon sun, falling low behind us, lighted a long, straight-away course between birch-lined banks.

At the lower end of this long, smooth passage, where the water began to hasten,

## BEAUTY AT PARISH EDGE

a small fawn was standing, knee-deep in the cool stream. We instantly tightened our breath and sat up rigid and motionless, drifting rapidly toward this fresh bit of wild life of the forest. Fortunately, the fawn was engaged. Its tapering muzzle was lifted into the birch boughs that overreached the water. A furiously screaming jay bird was protesting angrily against the stranger's presence at the margin where he was accustomed to drink. Our stealthy approach was entirely unnoticed by the deer. A soft, mouse color lay along under its sides and whitened beneath the flanks, while its smooth upper coat was struck through with a golden, grayish color and dappled with almost mathematical precision. Its figure was one as trim as nature ever molded. It held a pose of tense alertness and native grace, with a setting better than any artist could have dreamed of. It was a rare picture, well lighted in the golden sunset. And until our gliding prow came within prodding distance of the little fellow, not a muscle moved. Then, if there be any degree of motion beyond the instantaneous, the fawn was master of it.



## GLORY OF THE PINES

All that we saw after winking was a boiling spot of troubled water under our ongoing prow and the thrashing branches of the border jungle, into which it sprang and disappeared. The scene had done its indelible work; our craft glided into a green, quiet cañon, lying between the tall cedars, but that picture of wild life at liberty and wholly unaware of human presence will remain a charming memory throughout the years.

Coming down the stream through delicious solitude, we were diverted by hundreds of the simplest but most beautiful and unusual things. This meant pleasure. At our approach a brood of young water fowl splashingly disappeared in grassy cover at the stream side; a tandem team of kingfishers shot by with metallic screechings and, banking their planes, as the aviators say, disappeared around the bend. A crane, looking stiff and solemn and hungry, was surprised while fishing in the shallows, and with two or three amusing contortions was up and off, trailing his lengthy legs behind. Shining shells in precise rows on the sand indicated the breakfasting place of an otter. A bunch

## BEAUTY AT PARISH EDGE

of brownish feathers, tinged with red, on a point of open land, suggested trouble between some hawk and partridge, with blood and death to the weaker bird, while a pile of ancient tree trunks jutting into the stream and sharpened to points, like piles waiting to be driven, indicated the long-lost labors of beavers. In fact, the life on the stream from the moment we touched it was a continuous and moving picture of joy-giving, mind-resting things, while the keen game of dropping our flies in likely spots without fouling on roots or boughs filled every moment with diversion. What more could a whimsical fisherman ask of a stream in its general attractiveness and practicability as a trout cover, than was to be found in Eagle River, within easy reach of parish limits?

The river had a steady, even flow guaranteed by innumerable springs. The springs poured their unfailing supply through countless rivulets, sizable enough for spawning shelter, and here and there they dropped tinkling into queer muck pockets, making the shaded margins musical. Crookedness was the stream's virtue. At innumerable bends

## GLORY OF THE PINES

black pools fell off from noisy shoals, where a stealthy look always found a school of big trout, bow on, awaiting the chance food of the current, and lazily warping their fins.

There was, too, good width for casting. Submerged cedars made generous cover for the trout, and made the safe dropping of one's flies at many points an achievement of accuracy, while the tag alders that overhung often made the back cast a heart-breaking calamity, especially when the good fish were rising. The stream now and then cut its way through long, thick-walled arcades of tall cedars that stood like church spires and shadowed the waters with gloom; then it swept under the ranging canopies of elms that hung low and echoed in the early morning with quiet bird song, then out across low and fire-swept plains, where blackened stumps rose out of the green undergrowth. It was here that the waters of the stream were always wrinkled by the wind and the flies doubled back on the leader in tormenting fashion. In addition, as though anything need be added to these signal marks of the stream's approvedness, there was water cress. It lay

## BEAUTY AT PARISH EDGE

here and there in rank green areas and dense enough for a weary-legged wader to find a resting place in its matted top. It could be grasped in great handfuls and drawn up to be eaten cold and crisp, dripping with sweet, clean snow water and with the peppery flavor at perfection. It sometimes alternated with vast masses of large-petaled and wavy buttercups that crowded thickly into the edge of the stream and transmuted the water passing in the neighborhood into a kind of molten gold. All these things entered in to make the excellence of Eagle River.

As we came quietly into the likely waters, everything was conspiring to encourage and arouse our expectations. Sweeping around a wide bend, Bill held his bow toward the bank from under which heavy water ran, and pointed to the left. There was a swirl of foam at the end of a pebbly bar. The iridescent globules broke from the swirl and trailed off singly across a blackish pool that was overhung by tall alders. There was noise at the farther end of the pool, where the stream narrowed and went tumbling over a colony of glacial boulders that lay with the

## GLORY OF THE PINES

composure of ages upon them, while the water piling up behind took on a reddish glow as it spilled over them and rushed on.

Bill never waited for orders when there was but one thing to do. He dropped his drag, a heavy piece of railroad iron, set his pike pole stiffly under his knee, and brought the flat-bottomed boat to a standstill in the doorway of this inviting opportunity. It is not a matter of great concern to recount that I had a five-and-a-half-ounce Leonard rod, with thirty-five yards of oiled-silk line, a six-foot mist-colored leader, and three number-ten flies, a professor being the tail fly. It was evidently my move. I whipped across thirty feet of water toward the swirl, and by a second cast reached twenty more, where the procession of bubbles was taking to the swift water.

The atmosphere of the spot was suggestive of results, and the expected happened. My flies had not lighted before there was a break in the pool beneath them; and before the leader straightened, the drop fly was violently taken and drawn under; while the taut line began to cut athwart the pool with a ripping

## BEAUTY AT PARISH EDGE

sound and the rod to thrill to the butt. There was on hand a contract, and as party of the first part the odds were against me. The next move would tell the story. It came. My vigorous captive rose from the stony bottom, where he had sulked for a moment, came straight up through the shining water, and out into the air with that splashing defiance that drives the fisherman's heart into his throat. A rush toward the roots of the opposite side seemed due, but he was checked and drawn back with a slow reel. He balked and turned and had to be let out again for another short rush; then another; then a quieter turn or two at the surface, and he was where my net could reach it. And as I lifted him into the sunlight, he shook the water from my net in a widespread shower of drops, every one shimmering like the radiant spots on his vibrant sides. He was mine by right of conquest and the demands of hungry men.

There are many fancy-dressed oddities of the sea and varicolored denizens of tropical waters, besides the old-time favorites of our landlocked lakes, but a speckled trout, lying

## GLORY OF THE PINES

full length on a bed of cress in the bottom of a creel, with the sheen of his shining sides and his bright red spots still aglow, with every line of his lithe body and broad, feathery fins the acme of grace, is a matchless specimen in the fish world.

But it is the hungry man in camp that praises the trout. Nothing is more grateful to a tired fisherman at the close of a hard day than the blue column of smoke rising from the camp fire as he comes dragging his feet through the trail, or wades around the last bend that brings him home. A dozen trout dressed at the stream side in the cold, clean water, and laid in an appetizing company on the fireside log, hold the pledge of more toothsome camp eating than can be described. Only those who have shared this rare blessing of the camp spider in the long twilight of some hard-working day understand. Rolled in a beaten egg and then incrusted in corn meal and laid at full length in bacon fat on a slow fire — the rest is easy. The hot fat is kept out and the sweetness of the trout is kept in by the egg which envelops it, while a brown crispness comes that raises

## BEAUTY AT PARISH EDGE

the deliciousness to highest power. Two on the plate at once are enough. A few turns of the fork and the pink meat falls away from the bony dorsal column and lies before you in rich, juicy flakes. Other items of the bill of fare are subsidiary. The baked potato, dragged from the ashes, breaks from its skin and lies in a white drift across your plate, while a fried egg blossoms in white and gold at its mealy edges. Long, lean strips of bacon underlie the well-done trout, and coffee brewed by the open fire puts the finishing touch to as complete a camp supper as hunger ever waited on.

Then come the postprandial joys. Bill Emery did not know the meaning of the long word by which we designate the telling of stories after a meal, but no pioneer ever had a larger stock or greater variety of tales of wood adventure and hairbreadth escapes from forest perils than he. And no one could regale his friends with quainter descriptions nor uncover more unusual information from the woods life, wherein he had lived for two generations. When such a great simple heart and wood-lover as Bill Emery has been made



## GLORY OF THE PINES

impossible by the intrusive schoolhouse and other persistent agencies of civilization that bring book knowledge and rob us of the wisdom of the silent woods and the deep, secret knowledge of the things of forest life, we shall have lost one of the most attractive elements in human personality.

The bright days in the woods hastened by. Sunday in the white church was full of opportunity, and it must not be neglected. The holy day was an open door into the hearts of men ordinarily too busy to be talked to. The roaring noises of the mills every day in the week, and the violent hurry of men who had steam and so-called labor-saving machinery crowding them for ten hours a day, left small chance for the sky pilot and his appeal for higher things.

But the high sea we met as our birch-bark canoe, laden with simple camp luggage, came out of the woods on the swift-running waters of the river, made a morning trip home impossible. The high-flying clouds in no wise betokened calm. A gale was lashing the blue expanse of water into a choppy, foam-

## BEAUTY AT PARISH EDGE

topped sea, with big rollers reaching far up the beach and breaking and spreading with the rhythm and power of salt surf. An Indian who was passing with his soft, rolling tread stopped, and looking over our dunnage and the length of our capoe, and then out across the water, shook his head and grunted a very evident disapproval of any effort on our part to make the voyage.

As the day wore on, the sea fell, and by six o'clock we pushed our craft out on a receding wave and were at once riding the tail end of a very stubborn summer wind. A few well-placed and powerful strokes of the paddle in Bill's hands, to which my efforts with a bow stroke added something, sent us forward bow on with the wind. We bobbed like an egg-shell and took the long waves with a pitching that brought on a very uncomfortable seasickness.

The dusk settled soon and the icy-cold waters in such strange commotion took on a gruesome aspect under the moonless sky. The big, receding bays left us, now and then, far out at sea, with the green shore line a black, undistinguishable horizon. The

## GLORY OF THE PINES

paddles were weighing heavily on our tired muscles, while the pier lights six miles away seemed farther off with every stroke. The wind had lain a little and the stars had taken on their usual whiteness; another hour would bring us home and in fine fettle for Sunday's business. All at once from behind us a low, black cloud obscured the sky. It was a ragged wind cloud that was after us. What it would do remained a mystery but for a moment. It came racing down the roughened sea after us with a fury that tried our nerve to the limit; and before we could sense the situation we were in a fight of our lives. The chilly waters boiled around us as in a maelstrom and entirely upset all our paddling plans; the pitching and rolling of the canoe made our going perilous business. We seemed utterly helpless. The heavy sea was smiting us in the face and the queer winds were driving us we knew not whither. The pier lights, low on the horizon, disappeared in the mist that the wind blew from the crests, and if matters did not soon take a favorable turn it was plain that the canoe would not long stand the strain. If the boat filled or capsized, there would be

## BEAUTY AT PARISH EDGE

need of taking care of ourselves in the water, and in water whose temperature varies between summer and winter not more than ten degrees, the swimmer has poor chance.

We were solemnly and without words regretting our hasty action in starting home and anxiously wondering if in the storm and darkness we should see land again, when to our surprise we found ourselves on even keel in the quiet waters of a wide-mouthed stream. The wild wind had swept us shoreward and to a nook of safety where the howling surf had no terrors for us. We beached our canoe, packed our necessary things on our backs and took the easy sand trail home. We had been beaten but not defeated; our joys during the good days on Eagle River were abiding and the tonic beauty of the woods brought back to our souls a courage, and to the body rested nerves, that made the problems of the parish less perplexing and all its burdens lighter.

## CHAPTER XI

### *WIDENING HORIZONS*

CONSTERNATION and derision alike met the announcement that Dave Bruce had closed his place and emptied his stock of liquors into the street. There was no open chaffing of Dave about town on account of his mysterious procedure, for men generally had too much respect for him to treat lightly anything he said or did. His old drinking patrons were his special friends in these days of undertoned debate at the other saloons, and insisted that he was on the square, even if he had gone wrong on the temperance question. The closing of the odious log house left the community well-nigh speechless. It had been looked upon for a decade as an inevitable feature of a lumbering town, and was regarded by good people as a necessary evil on the frontier. The departure of several women of the woods, for home, left no doubt

## WIDENING HORIZONS

in the minds of the doubters that something had happened. The sudden death of Dora and her pathetic funeral on the hill had of course become town talk. It was the strangest combination the town had ever seen, with a lot of lumberjacks as pallbearers and a saloon keeper looking after details. That the dominie of the white church should have been in such a crowd on a Sunday afternoon was also the cause of not a little arching of the brows among some of the members of the parish, who felt the contamination of the evils about them, but had grave suspicions as to its being best for a minister of the gospel to mix in with such people.

The presence of Glory in the home of Mrs. Sargent was as yet unknown, or Mrs. Sargent might possibly have been a subject of the now widening interest of the community. Evidently the incident at the white church on Sunday and the developments since were stirring the people and arousing at least a gossiping interest in some new and very human events of the neighborhood. The little church had suddenly become a part of the community, instead of a painful

## GLORY OF THE PINES

commentary on the spiritual deadness of the town, as when it stood with its doors closed. A new spirit took possession of the people; young women flocked into the choir, and there was singing that warmed the hearts of the woodsmen and their friends, who filled the back corners on Sunday nights. Deacon Bevan, who took the collection in a cloth bag on the end of a short rod, was pleased to notice that he now really had some weight in the bag before he finished his circuit of the audience. As the days went by, a kind of spiritual resurrection took place in the case of several members, who had names to live up to, but were to all appearance dead to good works. They now seemed to feel that all was not over, even yet, with the church, and that perhaps there was something it could do, even with thirteen saloons and gambling joints in operation and a wicked floating population periodically overrunning the town from the woods and mills and docks.

Two of the leading families of the little church — the Jarvises and the Bensons — had been at swords' points for ten years. It was an ecclesiastical scandal, that would not

## WIDENING HORIZONS

down. These mutually alienated families came to church on a Sunday night two weeks after Dora's funeral. As usual, they took seats on opposite sides of the church. Neither had ever thought of any reconciliation without plenty of mutual apologizing; their unpleasant relations had become fixed through long standing, and were always taken into consideration in the social programs of the town. At that evening service, the story of the moral needs of the town were set forth and a plain statement made as to how the death of a girl, lost for years to her home and family, and finally buried, homeless and unknown, in a nameless grave in the village, had under God brought a triumph of order in the closing of the town's worst resort.

The little audience was evidently very responsive when the dominie said:

"Something must be done for these men, who find their companionship in the saloons. They have been denounced as hopeless and degraded long enough. Let us give them a chance by providing something better; the gospel from this pulpit is all right, but the men that need it are in the saloons this



## GLORY OF THE PINES

moment; they have no homes, no reading or lounging rooms; and of course they take what is offered. The people here have a chance to do something worth while for these men."

During the appeal Mr. Jarvis unintentionally caught the eye of Mr. Benson and held it for more than the ordinary glance, turning to the pulpit again with an expression altogether different from that which generally he had worn after meeting Mr. Benson's eye. There was an almost startled interest when the dominie continued:

"I have an unusual thing to say before this service closes. It would seem unnecessary for a Christian minister to urge human sympathy and kind consideration for those who need it from people who bear the good Name. But so deep are our prejudices and so tenacious are our suspicions that we are sometimes far from kind or Christian in our attitude toward our fellows, who are fighting their way over great obstacles to better things. I have it in my heart to ask you all to pray for a young woman I know who has fought and won a hard fight; she has yet ahead a

## WIDENING HORIZONS

long, tedious struggle. She has found herself, and needs sincere sympathy from church people that she may be again as she once was."

I saw Mr. Benson nod approvingly in response to another look of recognition from Mr. Jarvis, and the older members of the audience saw the quiet and very significant pantomime that went on between the two long-aggrieved members. The appeal for the exercise of loving sympathy in general became very specific when I said:

"One of our own townsmen has a new view of things. It has been my privilege to be in long and frequent conference with him upon matters that relate to his own character and the moral welfare of the community. He has made the great decision finally and forever, and he knows, as I do, that ahead of him is a period of suspicion and misunderstanding through which he must pass. I have asked him to tell you his story. It gives me great pleasure to have David Bruce speak."

All at once it seemed as though the little congregation would lift itself and turn as one man to see if Dave really were approach-

## GLORY OF THE PINES

ing the speaking table below my desk. He was coming. He wore a clear, radiant smile. It was evidently a new Dave, and his personality, always strong, was lighted by something that had in it an uplifting and contagious influence. He turned, and squarely facing the audience, said:

“My friends, you know me, and I would not speak here to-night if I did not have in my heart a feeling that you are all prepared to follow the dominie’s suggestion in the matter of sympathy. I need your help; I want the prayers of you people in carrying out a pledge I’ve made to God! I’ve quit the business that I’ve been in ever since I came to the town. God forgive me for the sorrow and sin I’ve brought to this town. Some of you have suffered by me; I hope God will help me to win back your respect and honor and to do something to right the wrongs of my life.”

Dave evidently was prepared to say more, but he had said enough.

It was a great confession and thrilled the people. It gave to those present a new and worth-while significance to the religion that

## WIDENING HORIZONS

some of them had had for forty years, and the white church took on a new meaning that even the leading families who paid the bills had not found in it hitherto. And when it was announced that after the benediction there would be a social after meeting for fellowship and personal testimony, everybody knew that the situation was ripe for something, and stayed.

The after meeting was a success. A hearty cordiality had suddenly come upon the stiff worshippers. After an informal moment, the meeting was called to order and a suggestion was made that in view of the strange new interest apparently taking hold of the community, perhaps there might be those there with suggestions as to how that interest could be given wider scope.

Under considerable stress of feeling, Mr. Jarvis rose at once and said that he had been deeply touched by the statement of Dave Bruce, and wanted to give him his hand of fraternal sympathy; and he awkwardly advanced to where Dave sat. When the two men grasped hands everyone felt as though a revival had started. Before the two sturdy

## GLORY OF THE PINES

men had broken their grasp, Mr. Benson, whose salary, everyone knew, was the largest in the Company's long list, was speaking and at the same time advancing to the front. He had a tender quality in his big, masculine voice and a forceful manner of speech. He said:

"Let judgment begin at the house of God. Bruce has put us all to shame by his courage. I've been a coward for years — a mean coward. I know the foolish coldness between Jarvis and me, between his friends and mine, has killed this church. It has split it in two and made the name of the church a laughing-stock here. I haven't been brave enough to face Jarvis and tell him, what down in his heart he knows, that both of us have been fools, and before God we are responsible for a lot of the deadness of the church. I certainly am ashamed of the whole business, and, dominie, if Jarvis will take my hand we will forget the miserable past, with its petty gossip and backbiting, and get together behind you and this church and make her what she ought to be in this village."

There was no need for further words.

## WIDENING HORIZONS

Jarvis had all the while planned to pass from his greeting of Dave to some kind of approach to Benson. He had Benson's strong, warm, outstretched hand in a good grip almost before the last words of Benson's manly statement had been spoken. It was an affecting spectacle. To see the two men whose open hatred of each another had scandalized the church for years, and had made the place where the gospel of peace and brotherhood were to be exemplified a seat of scorn and contemptible antagonism, was a sight that made the vision of most of the men present misty with the tears they refused to release. It was a bit of hearty, extemporized singing when some one in the choir started up:

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love:  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above."

There were no side glances that sought to discount the singing of the Jarvis and Benson families, as had sometimes been seen when these social enemies sang a hymn of fellowship in the service. Everyone took the hymn at its full face value, and felt that its roots

## GLORY OF THE PINES

ran deep down into every heart. The day of bickering and narrowness for the little white church had gone. The old rock on which so many good plans for helping the community forward had split had itself been split and been submerged in the new outflow of Christian feelings already stirring in the parish. It was a glad hour.

Never had a more serene and mellow moonlight fallen athwart the village and laid its sheen upon the leaden waters of the lake than that which lighted the way for the people as they walked from the church door that night. It was a radiance in the dark that somehow symbolized the sudden but new and deep spiritual fire that had been struck in some of the hearts of the townspeople. The shadows lay thick and black upon the board walks over which the parish folk passed, but the high, shining moon was at work in a glorious, starlit sky, and it, not the shadows, dominated the world! In the soft effulgence of that northern moon, and with a sure hope that a new and better day for the town was coming, men went home to prayer and a night of rest.

## WIDENING HORIZONS

As soon as wires could carry the word to Melvin Garvin, he heard the good news of the finding of his Glory and her desire to come to him as soon as she was able. The old man's hope had nearly died within him in his long waiting. His later searchings were but the anxious and often aimless doings of a broken-hearted father who would do anything rather than sit still. He prayed with waning expectation but with more earnestness than ever that no mortal sin might spoil the eternity of his precious girl, and that being denied a reunion with her here, there might be reserved for him a glad meeting among the redeemed. It was a foregleam of his heaven that was to brighten his lingering days when the dominie's letter reached him and told in full the bitter story but final victory of Glory. It made the announcement of an illness that had prostrated her of small importance to him, so long and keenly had he been anxious as to the moral safety of his lost girl. He lived each day separately, fairly counting the hours till she should come. Her promised early return brought another springtime into the old man's dreary winter,



## GLORY OF THE PINES

and he clung to the shattered remnants of his life more tenaciously than ever, biding the glad day of Glory's arriving.

In the quiet, well-ordered home of Mrs. Sargent, Glory found the ministry of a woman's sympathy and gentle care. The utter collapse of nerve and body after the strain of the weeks and the final struggle brought serious weakness and dangerous temperature. The low-burning lamp in the little hallway shone through the night, and the coming and going of the doctor was hint enough that some kind of acute struggle was on. Only a few knew what the great heart of Mrs. Sargent shared, but the whole community knew that a sickness near to death was being nursed by this noble woman. It gradually spread among a larger, but still sympathetic number, that Mrs. Sargent's sick guest was none other than Glory. Her unselfish conduct smote the conscience of many good townspeople who too often had been utterly indifferent to the sorrows of the unfortunate and despised that had drifted into the village like broken craft from a lonely and stormy sea, seeking some kind

## WIDENING HORIZONS

of haven. There was nothing the lumber-jacks did not seek to do for Mrs. Sargent and her charge. A saddle of unlawfully taken venison for broth, a pail of wild berries, a bunch of water cress and wintergreen, and innumerable bouquets of wood flowers—anything that the kindly impulse of these chivalric woodsmen could suggest—came, and, without name of donor, was left at the door.

The long convalescence of Glory was working to build a bulwark of human sympathy around every weak and erring man and woman in town who gave signs of craving it, and Mrs. Sargent's example was preparing the road to a practical service that good women hitherto unintentionally felt to be a very questionable service for respectable people.

Dave Bruce was among the faithful in his efforts to lighten the load on Mrs. Sargent's heart, by offering to do a thousand things that a man really cannot do, and later, when Glory found her strength returning and the doctor indicated that she needed the out of doors, Dave led her tenderly to a carriage at the door and drove her into the clover fields

## GLORY OF THE PINES

that lay on the uplands and out by the bright, new cabins of young farmers, who were making homes in the fresh land. Dave had a feeling of great satisfaction in his heart as he pointed out to Glory the things of interest in the simple life. By and by, when on the crest of the big hill they turned homeward, the evening sun had just touched the sky line and made crimson the low-lying clouds, while the lake lay like molten gold, except where a tow with loaded barges broke the smooth waters into wide-rolling lines that fell back from the big bow of the tug. A black line of smoke from heavy firing drifted out behind and spread thinly over the lighted waters, softening the luster of the fiery surface. The town below, the green woods beyond it, the late clover blooms, the glorious sunset, and the new joy that had come again to life made the vision a memorable one for Glory; and, too, the kindness of Dave during all her illness, as well as his consideration before, could not be forgotten. Of this she spoke in language as restrained as her feelings would permit. Dave's new stand was so brave and self-respecting and called for

## WIDENING HORIZONS

such qualities of manhood that she felt she should speak frankly of it to him and thus encourage him. And so she did. Her words seemed like a new kind of inspiration to Dave and deepened every resolution he had ever made. He thought of her every word and turned each one over and over in his mind after he had left the rapidly recovering patient at Mrs. Sargent's door. There was something winsome in Glory's face that he had not seen before. She looked so young, yet a deep knowing lay in her eyes and a surprising strength and maturity in her words. A subdued but gradually emerging and wonderful womanhood was apparent, and as Dave fell asleep that night he was sure there was a great destiny in the world for one so strong and capable as Glory.

## CHAPTER XII

### *THE OPEN DOOR*

**T**HE old frame building where Dave Bruce had so long done business was in the hands of the carpenter early one Monday morning. The loafers, speculating as to who the new tenant might be and what kind of stock he would be likely to carry, kept close watch of the alterations. The old bar was knocked to pieces and carted away, while the cooler was sent to a butcher for better uses than it had ever known. The lack of wisdom in the man who evidently proposed to start some other kind of business than that at which Bruce made good money in the town in these hard times was subject to outright ridicule. Just the same the paint that brightened the front gave an air of prosperity to the whole street, and the improvement was a source of village pride on general principles. The paper hangers told no secrets, after three days' work, for they knew none, and when a load

## THE OPEN DOOR

of furniture, consisting of chairs, tables and some bookracks, with a piano and a billiard table, came on the night boat from Duluth, marked "D. Bruce," the end of all speculation was reached. The wittiest man had nothing more to offer, and the crowd decided simply to wait and watch developments.

The annual picnic of the mill hands came on Saturday and was the gala day of the year. The town put out her holiday bunting and the saloons vied with one another in catching the eye of the idle men by a striking display of colors. The Greenland band arrived early and made a sensational advance down the street, with their fine buttons and shining instruments, not to speak of the music, which, whatever one could say, was good enough. They serenaded the leading saloons and were blowing strongly and with a good deal of hilarity by eleven o'clock, when the Hoo-hoos, Odd Fellows, Ancient Woodmen and mill workers were to fall in line to be escorted to the sparse grove at the mouth of the river. The player of the B flat cornet and two of the tenor horns had disappeared by starting time, but it seemed in no wise to disturb the

## GLORY OF THE PINES

rest of the easy-going band, nor did it make any difference to the gathering crowds.

At the grounds the program committee outdid itself. There was a platform of green boughs set for the band and the distinguished guests. The speeches were to be followed by dinner, spread under the trees on long boards from the Company lumber piles near by; then sports, the character of which never varied, always filled the afternoon with plenty of rough fun and horseplay. The head sawyer was in the "chair," a purely parliamentary term, for there was no chair, and in opening the program complimented the Company on its generosity in giving the boys a day off in the midst of the busy season when, under the pressure of the business, the men were ordinarily at the sorting boom, the gang saws, the lathes and steam levers ten hours a day, each one going like mad to keep the other fellow from covering him up.

The leading speaker of the town was the coroner, who was at this time introduced as the great friend of labor and a man whose destined place was in the state legislature. The issues of the day were loudly proclaimed,

## THE OPEN DOOR

but not discussed, and the coroner while speaking drank copiously from the pail on the stand and impressively wiped his forehead during the frequent periods of applause. The hard-headed people in the crowd, however, knew the difference between noise and argument and were quite discriminating in their approval. Still, "Doc" Coleman, the orator, sat down, at the end of his dramatic peroration, feeling that he had helped his cause in the county not a little.

Then a lusty camp quartet, that had beguiled the men in many a long winter night at Number Seven, was called on, and sang. And as they closed their number with Douglas Malloch's "Calling of the Pine," every man of the woods, hungry once more for the green quietude, sang in his heart:

"As the sailor hears the sea, so I hear a-callin' me a  
voice that ever beckons to the wood;  
I kin hear the pine tree sigh to the wind a-passin' by, I  
ketch a breath of air thet's sweet an' good.

"Yes, the sailor's far away where the billows leap an'  
play, when he listens to the music of the brine;  
But my soul is with the trees an' the river an' the breeze  
when I listen to the callin' of the pine.



## GLORY OF THE PINES

**"When I listen to the callin' of the pine,  
When I drink the brimmin' cup of forest wine —  
Then the path of life is sweet to my travel-weary feet,  
When I listen to the callin' of the pine."**

The head sawyer said that before turning to the dinner, for which Antoine and the ladies were chiefly responsible, there was an announcement that he had been asked to read, and in view of its interest to all the woodsmen in and around town, he considered it a pleasant duty. He read:

**"To the men of Ontonagon: At eight o'clock to-night, in the building on Baraga Street, a public hall, formerly occupied by Dave Bruce's saloon, will be opened, to be known as "The Open Door." It will be a general round-up for every man in town, and as much like home as possible. Woodsmen are specially welcome. A fine solo singer and several stunts will open the program, after which the hall will be accepted by the chairman of the village and turned over to the use of the men."**

The atmosphere had now cleared and Dave Bruce had shown his hand. The announcement got the best possible hearing, and every

## THE OPEN DOOR

man planned to see Dave's place in its new rôle sometime during the evening.

The dinner was a great occasion. There were appetites such as flourish only in the woods; family baskets disgorged vast quantities of good things, and no man was compelled to stay his hand till every want had been satisfied. Under the low-boughed trees, with the cool wind blowing, the hearty crowd ate and laughed and passed jokes and gibes and rallied everyone that they liked. Then came the grotesque sports that live in woods communities. Daring water tricks in the bayou, where logs were ridden, and other feats of strength and skill made up a long program. Little children had their share of the joys of the day, and many a big, horny-handed man gladly made a fool of himself to please the little ones.

The pier lights were set before the band struck up sprightly music, designed to start the dancing on the bough-covered platform, behind which rows of beer kegs had now been placed by one of the enterprising saloon keepers, anxious to put the necessities of a complete evening's enjoyment for the men

## GLORY OF THE PINES

within convenient reach. Two white-aproned men extemporized rude bars and set out the clinking glasses. The big light at Ten Mile Point twisted and turned and winked red and white in the thickening dusk. The band, plentifully supplied with drinks, played on, but the crowd drifted slowly across the river, leaving the green grove in a gloom that neither the gasoline torches of the bartenders nor the music of the band could dispel. Something more interesting than the band and barkeepers could offer evidently was calling. The band soon stopped and joined the crowd gathering in the neighborhood of the hall, while the disgusted bung-starters, who had looked for a long, profitable evening, loaded the untouched beer into their wagon and took a back street home. The usual program of excess and rowdy proceedings, with which the annual picnic had always closed previously, evidently had been sidetracked.

Dave and his friends had timed well the opening of the hall. It was a good game of preëmption and was apparently going to win, if the crowd had its say. At eight o'clock the upper end of the street was dull enough, and

## THE OPEN DOOR

all the saloons were running light. Everyone was anxious to see the hall. Shortly after eight the long room was filled and the overflow had found the back yard, where Dave and his men, with the help of Mrs. Sargent and Glory, had hung Chinese lanterns and set benches. Everyone was good-natured and cordial and so anxious to shake hands with Dave that it was well-nigh impossible to start any kind of program. And when some of the boys let a few of the musicians into the back yard and they struck up "Annie Laurie," the crowd joined in. Such a volume of song went up from the picnic crowd that the crew of the big schooner "Ben McTavish," that was warping into the dock two blocks away, caught up the tune when the band stopped, and out on the night air, as though from some choir invisible, the Scotch love song rose and fell and softened the cheers of Dave's guests into a surprising quiet.

From the threshold and steps of the back door everyone, inside the hall and out, was in range of voice and vision. It was put upon me to start the program, though no one seemed in haste, so agreeable and interesting was the

## GLORY OF THE PINES

whole situation. Standing in the doorway, I saw the vision of a new and better village, with men seeing new ideals and working toward new goals. I saw the saloons checkmated for the first time in the history of the village, and a clue to the methods of church work that make for clear manhood and nobler citizenship. So deeply had the vision impressed me that I faltered as I rose to speak and got underway with my preliminary statement quite awkwardly. But no audience ever was more quickly at attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I began, "this is a fitting occasion with which to close our annual picnic program. There is one man in this audience whose name is on everyone's lips. He should speak, but begs off. It is the generous spirit of Mr. David Bruce that makes this wonderful meeting possible. At a sacrifice greater than any of us will ever know, he has quit a profitable business because it was wrong and has cleaned up and refurnished this place, as you see. And now he wants me to say on his behalf that this place is hereafter for the good of all the people, without regard to creed or character. Every kind of

## THE OPEN DOOR

man is welcome here, and the people of the town are asked to use this hall for everything that will help make men better. The response on behalf of the people will now be made by the president of the village board, Mr. Justus Benson."

Mr. Benson spoke briefly of the place of such a hall in the life of the men, and of how the saloon and gambling life had ruined men, who, had they but found agreeable companionship elsewhere during the winter evenings and idle periods of the summer, would not, in all probability, have gone wrong. He thanked Mr. Bruce with a fervid testimony as to the courage of his late stand and its meaning to the whole region. After the long and hearty applause following Mr. Benson's appropriate speech, there were cries of:

"Dave, Dave! Speech! Bruce! Speech! Bruce! Speech! Come on, Dave!"

Dave, entirely overcome by the joyous culmination of his dream and wholly unable, as he now felt, to face the crowd, was sitting for the moment near the steps, with Mrs. Sargent and Glory, in the shadows of the swinging lanterns. The calls were so insist-

## GLORY OF THE PINES

ent that he rose and came to the steps, and with much confusion acknowledged the ovation, which may have lacked in formal dignity but certainly not in sincerity. Dave insisted that he was but one of the many good friends of the woodsmen behind the hall, and that all he could ever do would not square the account, as it stood on the books of eternity. He said:

“If this place can give the lumberjack a chance to find good friends and save his money as well as his character, the whole town will be glad. Everyone, from the president of the Company to the dead-broke fellow off the drive, will find me and others on the job to help. We want books and papers, lots of 'em, funny and serious, to pile on these tables. We want you young folks to get up a winter program of singing stunts, and put up a lot of good cheer for the boys. Our whole game is to beat the whisky and poker tables of the town. I'm going to hang my old mother's picture here and introduce every fellow to the best woman that ever lived. If she is looking down into this room to-night, and I hope before God she is, her old heart is glad at the

## THE OPEN DOOR

change that has come over it. So am I, and everyone is boosting the hall all over town. You'll see me every night, and the dominie will drop in, and Mrs. Sargent will be here, and a lot of others. You'll get the glad hand from us all. Now I want you to hear a song I heard when I was a boy. I've heard it down in my heart a thousand times since I've been in the old town. It may say to you fellows what it always said to me."

Then Glory Garvin, unannounced, her face under the dim lights aglow with a new beauty, and with a voice the pathos of which neglect and sorrow had not spoiled, took her place at the side of the steps and, in a clear soprano that first thrilled, then melted the hungry-hearted men, sang:

"I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aften-whiles,  
For the langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Father's  
welcome smiles;  
An' I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine een do see  
The gowden gates o' heav'n and my ain countrie.  
The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh and  
gay,  
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them  
sae;



## GLORY OF THE PINES

But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to  
me,  
When I hear the angels singin' in my ain countrie.

“I've his gude word o' promise that some gladsome  
day, the King  
To his ain royal palace his banished, hame will bring;  
Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see  
The King in his beauty, in oor ain countrie.  
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been  
sair,  
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered  
mair  
For his bluid has made me white, and his han' shall  
dry my e'e,  
When he brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

“Sae little noo I ken o' yon blesséd bonnie place,  
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see his face;  
It wad surely be eneuch forever mair to be  
In the glory of his presence in oor ain countrie.  
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,  
For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs  
like me,  
An' carries them himsel', to his ain countrie.”

Glory slipped back into the shadow, but  
the song sang on. The men sat fairly breath-  
less, without applauding, as its sweetness and  
homely appeal settled deeper and deeper into

## THE OPEN DOOR

their hearts. It was easy to see that a tender spell had been woven about the listening men, whose hard lives knew no softness or gentle influence. It was broken only when Bill McDermott, the town wag, shouted:

"What's the matter with Bruce?"

The crowd, catching the cue, came back with the obvious reply, "He's all right."

And this encouraged Bill to emphasize the success of his stroke by shouting:

"Who's all right?"

Then the throaty chorus rang out:

"Dave Bruce, you bet."

The evening program was quickly over. The hall had found its place and already men felt it to be an institution for which the lonely lumbermen and homeless mill workers long had waited. What was left of the band suddenly broke out with the "Star-Spangled Banner," which brought the crowd to its feet, singing; though the pitch soon ran beyond the reach of everyone, and the singing stopped amidst laughing and cheers and final hand-shaking. Yet it seemed a natural ending of the evening. They passed out of the hall feeling that Dave had made good, and

## GLORY OF THE PINES

determined to give the new enterprise their help.

As the lingering few bade Dave good night, the "Majestic," on her way down the lake, blew for her landing. Glory's convalescence had proceeded rapidly, and she was to sail at midnight. Dave's heart had been all aflame since Glory's song. It was both the song and the singer that stirred him. There was in him a feeling for her that he had never had for any other woman. During the past weeks many things shared by them in common had been discovered. The unmentioned but never for one moment forgotten similarity of experience in their moral life was a vital but hidden bond. The circumstances that had brought together their lives, both so nearly marred beyond rescue, and had made for their final liberty and redemption, was like some sacred tie.

And so Dave, strong and yet young, his heart aglow with the everlasting passion, found himself telling Glory all about it. The bulky outline of the steamer discharging her cargo was set against the moon, riding high in the east, as David and Glory

## THE OPEN DOOR

looked at it from the end of the long pier, whither they had walked and where they sat down for the long wait before the hour of sailing. There was so much of heaven in Dave's soul as he thought of the day's work, and so much of gratitude for her recovery and happy home-going in Glory's, that mutual confidences seemed easy, and a calm courage came to Dave as he said:

"Glory, you may not want me to speak to you about what is in my heart, but I can't possibly help it now. I want to say it before you go. Something great and good came into my life when I got interested in you. If it hadn't been for you, things would be different with me to-night, I know. I never felt toward any other woman as I feel toward you, and it is not alone because together we have come to see things differently from what we once did; but it's you, Glory. It's you. You have influenced me and moved me in a hundred ways you never dreamed of. I can't let you go back to your father without telling you that I love you and that I am to be lonely, even in my new work, without you. I thank God that he brought us

## GLORY OF THE PINES

together, Glory. I'll never be satisfied without you. You must not answer me to-night; I am only asking with all my heart that you will let me show you that I love you."

Glory sat as though nothing had been said. She seemed to see something beyond the range of Dave's eye, far out on the moon-lit horizon. She was instantly under great self-restraint, with such a heartbeat that she was afraid to try to open her mouth. She dared not speak to Dave of what she felt in her heart as he was telling her of his love. All the shame and self-recrimination that had once brought sorrow to her heart, and which she thought had passed away, rose to answer the loving words of Dave. She felt as though she must speak them aloud that Dave might know the woman to whom he was saying these earnest things. Could he say to her what he had said had he known the story of her misguided and perverse young womanhood? Nothing in his life could match her unworthiness. She must defend him against herself. For his sake, at the start of his unselfish service, in the fresh

## THE OPEN DOOR

assertion of his renewed manhood, this man honoring her with his heart's best love must be told of the things in her life now forgiven of God but not wiped from memory and not to be put out of sight when a sincere man offers his love.

"Dave! please don't! You do not know me," she said slowly. "For your own sake, I must not let you say any more."

But, as though urged to speak rather than repressed by Glory, Dave went right on:

"Glory, do you mean that I do not know what sorrow you've had in this town of late, and that the things through which you've passed haunt you to-night? After all that has come to you at the church, do you still insist on keeping fresh in mind that which you must forget? Glory, I know what you mean. The very things that you have met and conquered, though they broke your heart, have made you a perfect wonder to me. You must never, never refer again to the things that we have forever, thank God, left behind. Forget it all, Glory. I'm the one that should be ashamed to ask a girl to let me love her. But, Glory,

## GLORY OF THE PINES

we're living now for others and not for our own greed and foolish pleasure. God has put it into my heart to help make this place here better, and I know it's what you want me to do. Don't answer me now, but listen, Glory. I'll never be happy in this work until I have you with me in it. I'm going to love you whether you want me to or not, and when you have seen your father and told him all about it, then I want you to give me the chance of my life to win the love of the woman who means more to me than any other thing in the world."

A blast of the "Majestic's" big, deep-toned whistle warned her passengers that she was about to start. The two arose and walked slowly to the gangway, Glory leaning on Dave's arm. By every sign she seemed so full of the turmoil of her feeling that the only communication she was able to make as they walked was her strong, tightening grasp upon Dave's arm. At the gangway she turned to give Dave her hand. When his eyes fell full and fair upon her animated but serious face and the dock light flung back a sparkle from her moist eyes into

## THE OPEN DOOR

his, he could scarcely restrain himself from throwing his arms about her, to prevent her from leaving him with his great, anxious question unanswered. But he simply said:

“Good-by, Glory; don’t forget.”

“Dave,” she said, “you are too good to me. I can’t talk. When I see father, I’ll write you. Good-by.”

The screws had already responded to the captain’s bell when Glory appeared on deck, and with a wave of her hand put all sorts of hopes astir in Dave’s heart. The wash of the vessel well-nigh flushed the floor of the dock where Dave stood as the “Majestic” went out. The backward wave of Glory’s hand from under the lights of the cabin deck was a solace and a sorrow, a hope and a grave fear. The green-and-white side lights of the ship grew very close together on the horizon before Dave left the pier and went home. It was his night of destiny, and he had done a man’s part, as he felt it. Nor did he wish a word unsaid. He would have said more had Glory been a bit freer in her speech. He was glad to wait, yet already the days and weeks before he should get her



## GLORY OF THE PINES

final word seemed to stretch in tormenting lengths before him. But God had given him a great work for the men in the town, and to it he would now give his whole heart, biding the word that Glory would soon send him.

## CHAPTER XIII

### *WAYS AND MEANS*

THE gray days of autumn fell early upon the northern woods at the end of the always brief summer. The brilliant glow of the goldenrod and the red fires of the Indian paintbrush passed before the children knew it, while the few gentians and harebells still blossoming in the open roads and cleared edges of the forest disappeared in a single night. The last outbound schooner, loaded with wood and shingles, filed a manifesto of her simple cargo and got quickly away; the big barges, with high deck loads of good pine, steamed away anxious, knowing that storms a-plenty were due and rates high, but trusting by luck and good seamanship to make port and discharge for cash. The early ice edged the big bayou at the mill and put frost into the water where the red-handed pick-pole men sorted the few remaining logs and sent

## GLORY OF THE PINES

them sliding up the skidway to the saws, now about to cease their season's music. The front door of the village, looking out to the open lake, finally closed for six months, after a number of tramp steamers crept into the mouth of the river and tied up. Before Thanksgiving Day the mail and occasional visitors had to find their way in over the long forest road from Baraga, and the isolation of winter was on. Work in the winter woods for a thousand men was soon making empty pockets full again and filling the town with crowds of heavy-stockinged men, whose thick rubbers went softly over the walks, as they loaded their packs for the camps. These shifting crews, together with the stragglers and chronic job-hunters, kept things lively at the hall.

It evidently was to be a busy winter. Dave and the new-found friends of the enterprise were constantly inventing things to engage the interest and profitably employ the time of the men.

The little white church never had been so busy. It had reënforcements from everywhere, and helpers waited their turn to

## WAYS AND MEANS

serve at the hall. On Sunday nights, after the lamps in the little church were put out, a big, social after meeting followed at the hall, and the young women in the choir came down and sang. It seemed a different kind of singing from that which the people heard from behind the church choir rail, and the men let go with an abandon that warmed up everybody. The Sunday night pictures on the screen always had a touch of home in them. There were plenty of chubby-faced children in action, and old-fashioned flower gardens, with a gray-haired mother sitting under a grape arbor knitting; and there were plenty of scenes from the Holy Land, where the woodsmen always seemed surprisingly at home, and the roughest man in the house seemed to feel the sanctity of the haloed face of Jesus among the doctors and the pathos of the scene before Pilate. No one ever ran from "family prayers," which always closed the hall on Sunday nights. This bit of old-fashioned home life caught the men unexpectedly, but it was so informal and natural that it struck everyone as being both a kindly and appropriate thing.

## GLORY OF THE PINES

The Monday night debates on village affairs always brought a crowd of men ready with theories and straightforward criticism of all ordinances, and officers that they did not like. Politics, of course, could not be kept out, and the range ran wide. When Felix Sarony advocated a rearrangement of the whole social and economic fabric of society and harangued the crowd with his socialism, all were patient, for they knew full well that at the first opening Timothy Ramsay, of ready wit, bred in the orthodoxy of the Catholic Church, and hating socialism as he hated the Devil, would demolish Felix root and branch. The chairman of the village board, the township trustee, the principal of the school and the road commissioner took turns in using the Monday night meetings to push pet schemes before the attention of the town.

Tuesday night, by Dave's plan, was "home" night, and the men had the papers and periodicals, with a quiet chance to talk and write letters home, a thing which now and then had to be done. Wednesday night the mill doctor talked on first aid to the injured, resuscitation of the drowning and general

## WAYS AND MEANS

topics of health. Thursday night there were as lively a lot of stunts put on by the young people of the church as their growing genius and surprising enthusiasm could invent. Friday night was ladies' night, and the special grooming of the men in honor of the occasion was always noticeable, and the old games and dances made for instant popularity; while Saturday night was "savings-account" night, when the hall undertook to sidetrack as much of the pay roll from the saloons and game rooms as possible. The men had always found Dave square and to be trusted, so the funds of many men were left with him for safe-keeping by the woodsmen, or to be sent home.

The general riot of Saturday was a waning scandal, and the crowd of dead-broke men on the town reduced. The variety of community service that gradually centered in the hall soon made it a recognized factor in the town life for all classes of men and women. It was the first local outlet to its bound and shallow life that the little church had ever had, and in consequence there fell back upon it such a reaction of grace and

## GLORY OF THE PINES

spiritual life as it had never known. Church-going, which had been a perfunctory observance with some of the leading members, took on a vital character. The brotherhood of the church, that had no meaning whatever to many of her men, who had turned to the lodge for fellowship and all kinds of humanitarian service, now rose to be something real and tangible, as it showed itself through the work at the hall. The little congregation actually took on international and race-wide responsibility when an offering for the India famine sufferers was suggested. The vision of the church officers cleared toward the world-wide uses of a gospel that, before their very eyes, had shown a power to wipe out of their community the notorious plague spot in the woods and give a new and better tone to the whole town. Raising money was an easier task, and it seemed of less importance than it once did, in contrast with other things.

The new life to which Dave had suddenly come grew daily in its satisfaction, as Dave himself grew in efficiency and versatility. He was glad, and making good. The

## WAYS AND MEANS

opposition he met from the saloon crowd was of course very direct, and to be expected. Never had a more telling blow been struck at the saloon and all that goes with it than in the organization of the wide work of the hall. Personal letters, full of abuse, and without signature, were constantly being received; gossip with hateful innuendos touching Dave's motives and character was shrewdly circulated, and a few of the bolder men openly faced Dave on the street once or twice, demanding that he explain his treachery to the business by which he made his money and by which they had to support their families. But amidst all these petty trials, of which Dave never would speak, his faith remained unshaken and his purpose firm; and the work for which he was willing to die grew in influence and definite results.



## CHAPTER XIV

### *THE MILL DOCTOR*

**T**HE mill doctor was to all outward appearances too frail a man to cope with the wild, rough life of the woods, where big frames and hard muscles seemed the rule. There were delicate lines in his pallid face and a remoteness in his blue eye, and his iron-gray side whiskers were strictly academic and out of all harmony with the crude life conditions of the bunk house and the coarse manners of lumbermen.

The presence of so gentle and scholarly a man in the remote and primitive life of the mill village was a most agreeable surprise. He had early embarked on his professional career in the town, bringing fresh diplomas with him. But the presence of few paying patients and the slow growth of the town disappointed him, though no whimpering ever fell from his lips. The call of the great Physician had early come to his heart, and

## THE MILL DOCTOR

nobler motives in service never moved any friend of man than those to which the mill doctor responded. He bore in this wilderness tokens of high honor from his medical faculty, and his research work in the laboratories of his college was noteworthy. He always spoke with the quiet but repressed force of a gentleman, and through highborn personal qualities found his way into places of influence and power in the region.

Of course he had no money and sought none; his ardor for his profession was also just a little short of his enthusiasm for the men, whom he wanted to serve and for whom, as he had proved often, no sacrifice was too great for him to make. He kept his place in the white church, and nothing but some emergency ever took him from his post of duty there. Nothing had developed in his studies or practice that quenched his simple faith or spoiled his sense of the spiritual. He parted company with all the agnostics and cynics of his profession, and with a learning that was a credit to his craft he had kept a glowing faith and a warm-hearted working religion.

## GLORY OF THE PINES

It was in the practice of both his medicine and his quiet goodness that he had made himself a loved and useful man. Hundreds of woodsmen knew him as one whose personal friendship was never tainted by patronage nor discounted as being a means to the end. Desperate winter drives in response to the call of some poor lumberjack with broken legs or severed arteries had been too frequent and too cheap to allow any notion of money-making on his part to gain currency in the camps or around the mill. When Aspinwall's baby died back on the reservation, he made the tiny box with his own hands, and offered prayer at the little grave he helped to dig. His coming was always a godsend, for he brought with him cheer and hope, whether it was in the hut of a woodchopper at the end of a twenty-mile trail or in the sick room of the manager's wife, who had the best house in town.

As I came from the little hotel door after breakfast one morning in December, the sun seemed absolutely useless so far as tempering the weather was concerned. It seemed a mockery to have such shining, and no results.

## THE MILL DOCTOR

The thermometer marked thirty-one below zero, while the sky was of the type one always associates with an Italian landscape; the air was still and dry, and the fine bed of clean snow, that had been falling in installments since October fifteenth, sparkled and shone in a way that ruined the eyes. A muffled voice behind me betrayed the mill doctor, wrapped in his great fur coat and cap, and approaching in his light cutter with his best horses.

"Get in, dominie; I'm going to Number Ten!" he said, stopping at the opening for the cross walk through the snow and throwing back his fur robes, to welcome me to a place beside him.

"What's the trouble, doctor?" I said, climbing in as the team moved on, and knowing that the good man had serious business on hand, or such a drive on a morning like this would not have been undertaken.

"Oh, Bill McPheeters has been on another spree, and he's got pneumonia to pay for it. He is as good a man as ever swung an ax in these woods, too, when he's sober. The tremens nearly put an end to him last year,

## GLORY OF THE PINES

and if his lungs fill this time he'll have to go, I'm afraid."

The old tote road that followed the curves of the river for a mile or two entered the woods as it turned to leave the stream. It had been kept open by frequent log teams with empty bobs. The woods hung heavy with snow, and now and then the green boughs that swung out over our road dropped enormous quantities on us as we passed. There was a magic atmosphere under the heavy branches, where the sun found the snow beds and spread a golden light beneath the everlasting green. The winter silence was there and the solitude was comforting. Old John Kelton came out of his cabin as we crossed Ten Mile Creek, and, limping into the road, stood watching our approach. He was a broad-shouldered, thick-bodied Scotchman, whose hard life had always been lived in the woods. No longer worth while in the camps, he continued his helpless existence on a pittance from the Company, and it was enough.

"Good morning, John; haven't seen you for a year," said the doctor, holding in the team. "How are you?"

## THE MILL DOCTOR

"Ah! am na gude, dochter; na wuth a tinker's tuppence the winter; the misery in ma side taks me breath," and the old man drew his wrinkled face into a grimace, as he put his hand on his side. "If ye can gie me a wee bit of hot drops to tak afore I gang oot every mornin', I ken I'll be all richt soon."

"Well, let's talk it over, John," said the doctor, turning out, covering his horses and leading us all into the cabin.

John filled his stove with wood, lighted his pipe and gladly sat down to speak of his symptoms.

"John, how is your wife this winter?" I said.

"Ma wife, dominie? Ye dinna ken aboot it, eh? I thocht everybody by the woods knew ma Janet died in the fu' moon by August."

"Why, this is something I had not heard of, John. How did it happen?" I asked, trusting to be of some comfort.

"Ah, it was this way. Aboot a year ago I tuk sick and saw the dochter when he cam to set the bones Comstock broke at the loadin'. He loked at ma tongue, poot the glass by

## GLORY OF THE PINES

ma mouth, axed me aboot everything except the Ten Commandments and the reasons annexed, and then gied me a pink pooder. It was by the turn of the spring, and I was that bilious I could na eat ma porritch; I was agrievin' in ma stomik a' the while. But afore I could tak ony medicine I got bether, and I put the pooder in the box by the shelf. Last July ma wife she tak sick the Friday the drive came down; she was awfu' bad; she was runnin' wild in her talk like an yit I could na hold her in bed. One day I found the dochter's pink pooder. It war a peety to waste a shillin', so I gie it her, and she died that nicht."

"Why, John, that is very sad," I said.

"Ah, yes, it is, dominie; but I canna be too thankfu' I did na tak the pooder mysel'."

There was no thought of any humor in the simple narrative of the tragedy that had taken Janet from his little cabin and left him bowed under the weight of the years, alone and poor in the vast loneliness of the forest.

John's old face glowed with a new happiness after the brief visit. The medicine the

## THE MILL DOCTOR

doctor left would neither hurt nor help the incurable disease of old age that was upon the worn-out logger, but his heart was stronger and lighter, and he waved us a hearty good-by from the door as we drove off, while the blue smoke of his cabin rose high amidst the pine boughs in which it sat.

We came into camp Number Ten just as the long horn blew for dinner. There was a small village of long, low cabins for the various uses of the big camp and its hundred and fifty men. The "hovels" or barns, where a company of cavalry might have been stalled, stood to one side of the main group, which consisted of the bunk houses, cook shanty, blacksmith shop and manager's office. Big pines rose all about the camp clearing, and the heavy second growth on the northwest broke the force of the biting winds that swept across a vast cranberry marsh that stretched half a mile in that direction.

The men were in the neighborhood, swamping, chopping, sawing and hauling to the banking grounds on the river, and the long hours of work were never interfered with by



## GLORY OF THE PINES

any kind of weather. They were gathering in promptly, for the cook is the camp tyrant, and appetites that had developed since breakfast at six o'clock made no urgent call to dinner necessary.

"Come in, Doc," shouted the "boss"; "bring the sky pilot and get your feet warm; then have chuck with us."

We needed no second invitation. The long cookhouse which we entered was full of men eating in silence, for the rules forbade them to talk at the table. Savory odors from the cookstoves made the air heavy, and the rattle of the dishes on oilcloth-covered tables and the tramp of the "cookees" as they served indicated that hungry men were there. Fine food and plenty of it was before us; and judging from the stock in plain sight on the shelves around the log sides, there was no famine likely this season in Number Ten.

The best democracy in the world rules the lumber camp. Number Ten was no exception. The clerk of the wannigan or store, the "walking boss," the carpenter, barn men, loaders, swampers, were all on a common level of fraternity and good feeling; camp

## THE MILL DOCTOR

life, with all its roughness, bound the men of Number Ten close together.

"Come to see Bill McPheeters, Doc? Well, he's bad off all right," said a big-socked fellow with a fur cap over his ears and an ax on his shoulder, just passing the door as we came out. "I hope you'll snake him through this bad mess, Doc; this whole camp is wishin' you good luck with the job."

We found poor Bill in a quiet cabin next to the "office." He was wandering in his mind as we laid aside our coats and sat down by his bunk. His big frame showed plainly that his resisting power was gone.

"Bill," said the doctor, "here's the dominie; do you know him?"

The woodsman opened his eyes and looked long and steadily at me.

"Why, sure, I do," said he, with surprising clearness of voice and mind. "I'm glad to see you, dominie. I'm an awful sick man. I'm thinking my time has come, dominie, if the doctor doesn't do something pretty quick." He closed his eyes wearily, evidently wanting to say more, but not able. The doctor laid his hand on the wasted

## GLORY OF THE PINES

wrist and looked at his watch, glancing knowingly at me; he tapped his chest and listened to the signals in his lungs. The story was about told; Bill's long, hard battle with himself was evidently drawing to a close. Medicine was not the great need in this emergency now, and the doctor knew it.

"Bill, do you know me now?"

"Why, sure, doctor," said he.

"Listen, Bill! You are a very sick man, and I don't think I can help you, and if you want to say anything about your own affairs, just talk to me now."

"Well, doctor, I've been a poor kind of a man; you know me better than the dominie. God knows I've tried to quit this stuff and brace up, but I couldn't."

"Bill, you've been a kind-hearted man, and I've always found you honest," said the doctor, gently stroking Bill's feverish hands. "The boys all like you, Bill; but they can't help you now. You need a real friend now, Bill."

"I know it, doctor," said Bill, and slowly pointed his finger upward and held it there, nodding his head.

## THE MILL DOCTOR

"He's the friend you need, Bill. He never turned anyone away who really wanted him. Don't you want the dominie to read out of the Bible?"

"Yes," said Bill feebly. "Can't you find the place about the angels weeping over the sinner who repented more'n over ninety-nine good ones?" So the incident that lay dimly in the childhood memory of the dying man was read. A long silence followed.

"Say, dominie, won't you read that piece about the thief on the cross that got into Paradise just at the end, the wrong end of life?" And the story of the compassion of the Suffering One and the promise to the penitent thief were also read.

"Doctor," said Bill, reaching blindly, "just take my hand a minute; it seems dark in my bunk."

The shadow was falling on the not very cloudless life of the lonely, forgotten woodsman.

"Bill, shall the dominie write to somebody for you?" asked the doctor.

"No, no; there's nobody," he said, whispering. "Tell the boys — I'm sorry, and,

## GLORY OF THE PINES

dominie — dominie — pray!" The words came with difficulty. He was at the end, and as we rose from our knees at the bunk side, the doctor said:

"Poor old Bill!"

The lonely forest pilgrim had found another trail and taken it. The doctor had come to him when his need was sorest, and though the power of medicine was futile he gave him the only comfort men want when face to face with death.

As we drove home in the biting December afternoon we knew that all that loyal friendship could do would be done for Bill, and the dreary acre on the hillside would extend him the resting place for which his worn body yearned. The night came rapidly on, and the clear stars, with a great white moon, put a new glory over the snow-covered trees and roadway. The timber wolves howled in the distance and the rabbits went bounding across our road, while the snorting and shying of the horses suggested that a bear was yet active in the neighborhood. The soft-winged flight of an owl went over us now and then and the thrashing in the under-

## THE MILL DOCTOR

brush meant that a moose was on his way home, and late. At a tiny cabin at the edge of the forest before reaching the town a new baby had been ushered in at midnight the night before, and the doctor halted to know how fared the newcomer. The father, a little Frenchman, was immediately at the door, and shouted as the doctor walked toward the house:

“Doctor, eet is one good enough boy for any king, and I mak him your name, eh?” — a tribute often paid the mill doctor by his frontier friends. With a cordial grasp of the hand he drew the doctor through the cabin door into the lighted room and closed it quickly.

As I sat warmly wrapped, the dry, tonic air of the North filling my lungs, and the quiet woods, out of which we had just come, lying still and dark behind me, while the road toward the village shone clearly in the moonlight, I thought of the mill doctor in the cabin. He was a heaven-sent blessing to the land. He had gone into the cabin to give his hand to the tiny little woman in her brave battle with the emergencies of her new

## GLORY OF THE PINES

career as a mother, and to add to the comfort of the newborn child that he had that very morning washed with his own hands and wrapped in the blankets, while the anxious husband was out seeking the help of some friendly woman in his great need. Life for the doctor took on a new and hallowed meaning with each birth he registered, and womanhood grew more beautiful and significant in his esteem as he marked each courageous descent into the jaws of death that life might be. No fame will ever preserve his name nor make his history known apart from this passing reference, but his memory is to be affectionately enshrined in the hearts of hundreds of woodsmen and his influence never to die. As we drove slowly into the village, I said:

“Doctor, why in the world did you not choose the city for your life’s work? Look at your meager chance here! You need contact with men in your profession, and clinical advantages that big hospitals afford. Here there is nothing like that. Do you ever get homesick for these things?”

“Why, dominie, I’m in luck to get this

## THE MILL DOCTOR

big chance with these men of the camps who are the neediest men I ever saw. I get all I need, though it is not much as the money-making doctors count it. But I wish you had seen the smile on that little mother's face as she spoke her gratitude to me out there in that lonely cabin. Why, that's the best fee in the world. I'd be ashamed to ask more when I know what they've been through. These people here in the woods want me, sick or well, and that's worth a good deal. Oh, I'm not much of a doctor, but I'm a happy man up here; and I take a lot of comfort when I read that the best Friend men ever had 'went about . . . healing.' To think that I'm in his footsteps! No, I never miss the big clinics, nor the fees."



## GLORY OF THE PINES

mation in language so vivid and picturesque that men stopped smoking and sat erect and tense, while some of those who had gone to bed stared from their bunks at the man who had seen so much. Without any preliminaries by way of introduction, he said:

“Boys, nobody but God Almighty could ever have knocked the Devil out of me, I was that tarnal stuck on doin’ business for him. When I was in the woods I thought I was one smart cook, all right, earnin’ thirty plunks a week and blowin’ it in faster than I got it. You know the pace I struck after I shook the woods and ’tended bar around the town, and I’m not one bit proud of the crowd I trained in at that time; but when I got into the lightweight class and into the ring every week or two, besides runnin’ some stiff poker games every night with the bruisers and gamblers, it certainly put me in bad, and I wasn’t long gettin’ to my finish. I got crooked every day, as every fellow does that plays the chips and follows the pugs, and I went down deeper and deeper till there wasn’t anythin’ too mean for me. All of the rough stuff done in this country they put

## TWICE-BORN JOHN

onto me, and they wasn't far off either. I was dodgin' the towns all the time, and never showed my face for years without gettin' a warnin' from some friendly deputy.

"I went that gait for six or seven years, but it got on my nerves and made me heart-sick, and four years ago, when I came into Mercer's big camp under a false name, with a couple of fresh bullet holes in my hide, and began work, I certainly was sick of sin, all right; don't forget it. I had hit the bottom. They were after me for the pen on a dozen counts, and a reward posted at the county seats put every constable on his mettle to get me. They certainly kept me movin' till I hit the trail back into the kind old woods again.

"It was mighty good to be here, but just the same I was unhappy as hell. I couldn't get over what a blasted fool I'd been. One night, not long after I went to work, there was a meetin' like this, when Sky Pilot Higgins blew in to camp for a gospel service. I was out of sorts bad, and no time for such stuff anyway. I was layin' up in my bunk, swearin' like a sailor at the grafter who had

## GLORY OF THE PINES

no more sense than to be bawlin' away about God's love and disturbin' a lot of tired lumberjacks who wanted to sleep. He talked straight from the shoulder to the men, and no matter how I turned over in my blanket, I couldn't help hearin' him. God bless him! He wasn't afraid of anybody, from heaven to Halifax. He kept puttin' me right on the gridiron all the time, without knowin' I was this side of Timbuctoo! I was mad enough to cuss him, and would have got out to hand him some of my old-time favorite cuts, but I knew the boys doted on him and I'd better keep still and lay low.

"But when he told us how God found him and fetched him back home like the old man who loved his scapegoat son, I would have given a dollar to him had he quit and shut up. Then the fellows started to sing, pretty rough singin' accordin' to the highbrows, [but, say, as I think about it now, it seems to me to beat the angels and archangels thrown in.

"Then that husky old sky pilot picked up his pack, said good-by and went out into the snow to hit the trail for town. The fellows all settled down for to sleep, but not me!

## TWICE-BORN JOHN

Say, I turned over a thousand times; that bunk was like a bed of last year's cones. It was too short at both ends and high in the middle. I couldn't shake that talk nor forget that singin'. I got up and sat with my feet hangin' out of bed and stared into the dark corner of the house, where light from the open stove door didn't strike. Say, boys, I heard God speak to me—yes, I did! and I jumped as though I was struck! And then I saw the end of the bunk house open and a beautiful picture roll in on golden clouds. I saw my old home and my mother sittin' on the porch a-knittin', with me a boy twelve year old playin' in the yard. I couldn't help it, but before I knew it I was cryin' like a baby as I sat there in the dark, lookin' at that picture.

"Then all at once things changed and a nasty green cloud rolled up and covered the picture of mother, and in it was every kind of a writhin' monster this side of purgatory, lookin' at me and hissing, 'S-sin, S-sin.' I broke into a sweat. I grabbed my face between my hands and said, 'My God, what is it?' I never had such a feelin'. I thought

## GLORY OF THE PINES

I was losin' my mind. I jumped out of the bunk and struck out for the barn, to be alone. Somethin' had to be settled before I was goin' to get over this trouble. I fell down on my face on the floor of that barn, and I don't believe any fellow out of hell ever suffered more for his sins than I did for mine before mornin' came. Say, men, I'm not boastin' in my talk; I'm tellin' you what happened to me before God put me straight. I never fought a tougher battle in my life than that one there in the barn that night. I went it round after round; I called on God a thousand times to save me; I thought I'd die before daylight."

Every man in the bunk house was at breathless attention and genuinely sympathetic with the man whose bad record they knew, as they now followed him struggling through to the end of his big, final battle with the old enemy.

"I said: 'O God, I'm all in; there's no more fight in me; I'm a poor fool of a wretch ashamed to look up in your face. But if you'll forgive me and get me through this night, I'll surrender and take my real name

## TWICE-BORN JOHN

again, see the sheriff and let the law do its worst. I'm willin' to die, but I've got to have peace in my heart.' I hadn't cried much since I was a kid, but that night everythin' looked different, and to save my hide I couldn't keep from bawlin'. I felt my mother's arms around me again and heard some one say, 'John, it's all right; all right,' and a peace came to me that I never shall forget. It was like heaven after the horrible night.

"The next day I hit the tote road for to find Higgins and get square. I got him at the Ferris camp, and told him my story. He slapped me on the back so hard that he nearly jolted a lung loose and said, 'Let's go out here in the woods and pray it through.' We did. We knelt down there in the snow and he put me, black rascal as I was, right up to the throne of God. He just talked right straight to the Lord about my case like Erick over there orderin' a bill of goods for the cook shanty. I got stronger every minute, and when we got up I told the sky pilot I'd do anything he said, for I was on the square. Lord bless his soul, how he

## GLORY OF THE PINES

helped me when I had no friends and everybody givin' me the laugh for tryin' to work a new dodge!

"Say, what do you suppose that fellow did? He hustled me through the woods to the railroad, and before I knew it we were down at the state capitol, waitin' in the anteroom to see the governor. That was goin' some for me, a lumberjack cook with a fictitious name and enough warrants out for to send him over for five years, sittin' there for to see the governor of the state. By and by we went into his big room. Higgins did the talkin'. He certainly pled my case like a true friend. Said he: 'Governor, here's a fellow from the camp. He's been a bad man, but he wants to do better. They are all after him; he's been a fugitive for two years, but he wants to give himself up. Governor, this man's been converted and wants another chance, and you are the only man that can give it to him. He'll go to the pen if you say so; but I'll be responsible for him if you'll let him go back and square himself and begin all over.'

"The governor looked me square in the

## TWICE-BORN JOHN

eye and said: 'John, I'm goin' to believe in you for Mr. Higgins' sake, and because I want every man who desires to be better to see what he can do. As long as you live the life you've professed, you'll not be bothered. Go and make a man of yourself. But don't forget you've got to have help from the best Friend, or you'll fail.' He shook my hand, wrote my name in a little book and walked to the door with us. When I stepped out in that big marble hall I was near lettin' out a yell that would have split the big dome, but Higgins punched me and told me to hold on. I had another chance. I was a man again, thank God!

"I have never been so happy in all my life as since that day. I gave God then and there what was left of me. I've walked thousands of miles in these winter woods, seein' the boys in the camps and passin' out the Bibles and speakin' to them. But every step has made me happier. The judges that were lookin' for me have come to believe in me again, and so have most of the people. Sin did its worst for me, but I've found salvation and am glad to tell you so. I'm



## GLORY OF THE PINES

goin' through these old woods with my head up nowadays and lookin' every man in the eye.

"Give Him your life, boys, and let Him set you right. He'll do it for you."

The story of Twice-born John had put a spell over the ordinarily difficult audience. It rang true, even though it was far removed from anything they had ever known and really sounded like a dream. It was a glimpse of spiritual power at work inside of a man whose crooked character they knew. The miracle of the working of that spiritual power through all of his strange experiences dumbfounded the rough-and-ready crowd as they heard it described with the fiery earnestness of the uncouth but powerful preacher. In response to his personal appeal many of the boys took him by the hand as the meeting closed and expressed the desire to lead a better life. Everyone felt that he had struck something real and that they had seen religion, which they supposed belonged in a church pulpit, in action in the life of a desperate lumberjack, transforming him from everything bad to a clean, honorable man, living for the good of others.

## TWICE-BORN JOHN

Of course the meeting wound up with a hymn, which everyone tried to sing, and as we left the doorway and started down the roadway for the village, to put the missionary in touch with the log train early in the morning, a voice called and we stopped when a vigorous Scotch boy came running up and said, "Here's me wad; I want ye to gie it to Dave for to keep. I'm that feared I'll blow it when I get doon that I dasn't keep it. And, say, dominie," and he drew close to me, "won't ye be a puttin' up a little prayer for me every nicht a' winter, for I'm hopin' to make gude and join the kirk by the spring. I'm sic tired of playin' the deil. Here," handing us a letter, "I'll thank ye to post the letter 'ome; I'm tellin' mither I'm on the square and na to worrit any muir. Good night, dominie."

So saying he disappeared in the dull light of the moon, anxious for a night's rest before the call at four forty-five.

## CHAPTER XVI

### *AS OF YORE*

**F**AR down in the state, the joy of life had come again into a humble home. Upon her arrival Glory had found her father broken by the burden of the years and the strain of his anxiety. His pale, thin hands, trembling under the stress of his emotions, could scarcely reach out for her in the gloomy twilight of his room, when Glory, as he once knew her, sweet and loving, came to him. She kissed him again and again, and he put his frail arms about her tenderly, as she knelt beside him, with her hand upon his forehead. The moment was fit for tears of joy, and, in the silence that followed the greeting, they fell copiously.

For her they were tears of deep heart sorrow and penitence; for him, tears of loving gratitude that his child was home again. Gradually Glory sobbed out her whole sad

## AS OF YORE

story to the one person in the world who had always insisted on believing in her. She told him how her one mistake had brought a whole procession of troubles, from which, by God's goodness, she had at last been saved. Then she spoke more calmly and freely of her new desires and a set purpose sometime to redeem the name she bore, and when, at the end of the loving and confidential outpouring of her heart, she told the old man of Dave and his wonderful conversion and the great work for lonely and tempted woodsmen that he was carrying on in the remote town, the patriarch's eye kindled and he vowed that if his life were to be lived again nothing could give more joy to him than just such work.

It seemed as though there would be no end to this conversation, and it was not until the small hours of the night, when the house was wrapped in a stillness that suggested to Glory the great quiet woods of the North, that she told her father of David's love for her and how it had thrilled her in a way she could not describe. She told of his kindness during her long illness and his manly way of confessing his love to her, yet leaving her to

## GLORY OF THE PINES

respond only after she had talked it all over with her father; how their two lives seemed to have been brought, through the same rough way, out into the same broad, sunlit place, and how in them both had waked great common desires to do something to save those who were still fighting the ills that had well-nigh ruined them.

And when the deep, honest self of Glory spoke of her love for Dave, the joy of the old pilgrim, who saw the end of his race not far off, broke athwart his benign face in a winsome smile that plainly was Glory's inheritance. Calmly he told her that life for him was rapidly passing, and he had nothing but love and prayer to bequeath her. He said he now saw the rainbow in the rain of his recent sorrows and recognized the great, kind Hand where only clouds and darkness had appeared. He gave her the blessing of a loving forgiveness and a willing consent to the return of Dave's love, with whatever it might mean for the future. Then the old man prayed, and voiced the deepest feelings of his heart in terms of gratitude and absolute rest in the wisdom of his God. Every

## AS OF YORE

word of that prayer wove itself - into Glory's heart, to remain through all her life, working to direct and inspire her. Then, repeating the good-night prayer that her mother taught her when she lovingly put her into bed, she crept softly out of the room, into which the white starlight was falling, and left in perfect peace her frail and fading father.

That night, into the house of the new-found joy gentle death came, and when in the morning Glory went to greet her father, he had gone. Only the beautiful remnant of his frail body was left. The soul that never lost faith in her, nor once forgot her in the hour of prayer, had come to its own. As Glory entered the little room it seemed aglow, even yet, with her father's spiritual presence, so recently had it taken its departure.

Weep for sorrow at his resting, she could not; weep for her own unfaithfulness, yes. Yes, years of weeping! And still the heart that now saw life as it had never seen it before, could not drain its grief!

It was all over. Forgiven and received at

## GLORY OF THE PINES

home, Glory faced with new freedom her duty to Dave and the world. As she sat down to write to Dave, the whole wonderful hour of that autumn night on the pier, where now the bleak north winds were blowing, came into mind. Her own love for Dave since that wonderful night had steadily deepened and clarified. She recalled his words urging her to forget; and forget she did, and cast from her mind all harrowing things of the past. She felt throughout her whole being a holy response to Dave's love, and with a devotion that can live only in the heart of a woman who loves, she wrote her final word to the man who had, by sympathy, unselfishness and moral courage won her admiration, and by his moral strength and fine manhood compelled her love.

On the day before Christmas the old mail stage that wandered fifty miles through the wooded vastness on its way to the little lumber town may have carried in the bag, more valuable matter, as the markets judge papers and instruments, than a certain letter to Dave, but not as men's hearts meas-

## AS OF YORE

ure things. The wheels crunched aloud on the frosty snow, as they rolled up to the waiting crowd inside the smoky little post office. But few of the waiting men were rewarded. Dave was one of the few. It was Glory's letter. He read it at once by the lamp in the corner, and started home. Her words set the deep dusk about him aglow and filled his heart with new music that sang on and on into the night. Life for Dave had found its supreme joy. His Bible, to which he turned before he slept, flamed out with wonderful meaning, especially as he read, by accident, "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and they twain shall be one flesh."



## CHAPTER XVII

### *THEY TWAIN*

**F**LOCKS of bluebirds and the odor of arbutus had come again when the "Majestic," with her heavy cargo for lonely ports along the south shore, pointed her nose toward the harbor of Ontonagon. The ice pack had slipped out early under the gentle pressure of the river's flow and a steady south wind. The real harbinger of spring was at the door. The outer world was coming again to Ontonagon, and the town was glad. Merchants' depleted stocks were to be replenished, materials of civilization from advanced manufacturing centers and needed badly in town buildings were hoving in sight, while the season's first detachment of prospectors and investors was about to fill the town with rumors. The thrill of spring was in everyone's blood, as once more they prepared to connect with the big

## THEY TWAIN

world of trade and busy men. The stacks of the mills were smoking, and the whanging monotones of saws and planes and the snapping of long, lithe boards, as they dropped to their place in the yards, meant that the idle spell had passed. And when the drive came down, with its hordes of men hungry for excitement and fellowship, there were the old-time scenes on the sidewalks and the boisterous noises in saloons.

In the midst of the newly awakened life of the town the coming of spring's first vessel was an event of epoch-making importance in the social and business affairs of the place. This accounted for the crowds that waited at the dock as the "Majestic" steamed in behind the breakwater and slowly found her usual berth near the red warehouse. Everyone greeted Captain Holcombe, who waved a salute from the bridge, as though he were some long-lost explorer coming home. The mates, the wheelmen, the cooks, stewards and stokers all had personal greetings by name or nickname shouted to them as they, one by one, appeared on deck. It was the home-coming of old friends, and their wel-

## GLORY OF THE PINES

come was glad and noisy. Dave was in the crowd and shared in the good feeling of everyone as he shook hands with the boys and pressed on to the gangway. He had himself pretty well in hand, but the fact that Glory was aboard and waiting to come ashore was so interesting that his heart beat abnormally.

Through the busy, jolly crowd on the pier, Glory followed Dave, almost unobserved, and in the home of Mrs. Sargent she again found a welcome that warmed her heart and brought tears of joy. Months before she had gone home trembling with fears that would not down and with a soul torn by anxiety. She had returned with the courage of her new womanhood asserting itself and her soul not only at rest but overflowing with a new-found joy. The benediction of her father and his beautiful death had enriched her life and added a strange new sense of strength. After his last loving word she wrote to Dave of her joy in accepting his love and her inexpressible happiness in giving her heart to so strong and noble a man. Thereafter every day was a new reve-

## THEY TWAIN

lation of herself and a new call to greater things. After the worn body of her father had been laid in the old cemetery, at the side of her mother, and a tiny memorial stone set between the two, Glory took her time in arranging the few affairs of the small estate and carrying out with great care the expressed terms of the brief, written statement of her father's wishes, found among his papers. In the succeeding months the people of the neighborhood again took Glory to their hearts. The unfriendly gossip died away before her simple, open life and loving ministry among the aged and sick friends of her father. Her transformed character, beautified in sorrow, and the pathetic heroism of her life as the plain people surmised it, had touched them deeply. It was after a winter of quiet, loving service among the neighbors, in memory of her father, and when her heart was wholly sure that these old friends had again allowed her to come again into their love, that Glory felt free to turn back to Ontonagon, in response to the urgent call of Dave's love.

The old town, with its sandy street and

## GLORY OF THE PINES

the fringe of green pines, in the shadow of which now lay the serene beauty and solitude of the woods unmarred by evil, never before had seemed so interesting to Glory. The little white church and its green dooryard was a bit of heavenly suggestion in the village landscape, and the children at play in sawdust piles and at the river's edge had voices sweeter than any music she had ever heard. The big, rough men that came down out of the woods no longer terrified her, but seemed to beam with a graciousness that had to be answered with a smile. In the old land of sorrow and darkness she found life's most transforming joy. Kindness and human sympathy seemed to saturate the air, and the friendliness of people met her at every turn.

Under the ample skies of the great North, with the fresh breezes clearing the breathing tissue of all men and the spring's life calling back again the glory of the verdure and the high color of the forest flowers, Glory walked with perfect freedom. Mistrust and suspicions of the people were gone; everyone knew that a power was working in her,

## THEY TWAIN

born of her faith and harnessed to a noble purpose of service. By the later and nobler fruits of her own life she had taken her place of honor and influential womanhood among those whose doubtings had slowly passed. In this quiet triumph, through a strength not her own, Glory found great comfort and dedicated herself anew to the helping of those who needed her.

Both to her and Dave that spring seemed like no other in all their lives. It wore a greenness all its own, and the beauty and surprise of it unfolded to them each day as their own plans developed. As they sat one afternoon on the hill at the angle of the road where it turned squarely to the woods and left behind a long vista reaching to the white line of surf on the beach, Dave felt something more than the joys of spring moving in his heart. He was an inexpressibly happy man. Glory's letters during the winter had filled his soul with wonder, as he saw the unmistakable signs of her deepening religious life and caught the strong notes of her purpose to make life worth while by helping him in his work. Her presence in the village was

## GLORY OF THE PINES

well received and her womanly aid touched the people in scores of ways. He lifted his heart in silent prayer of gratitude to God that he had lived to see this day. And turning he spoke freely and fondly:

“Glory, I never knew what happiness was before in all my life. At every step I thank God. You are making the world over for me and giving my life the best it ever had. I am following you in your thoughts and your purposes more than you ever will know. How wonderful it all is. And can we ever thank the good Lord enough for bringing it all about?”

Glory's perceptions were keen enough to notice the very distinct development that the months had made in the once crude and undeveloped spiritual life of Dave. There had come to him an intellectual breadth and a deeper grasp of the things that make for permanent character. His public talks had improved his style of speech, always effective through a strong personality, and his vocabulary had, through self-restraint and perhaps public prayer, softened and strengthened. The merely human instincts that had prompted

## THEY TWAIN

much of Dave's generous doings had now taken on the character of broad and deep religious motives. His humanitarianism was aglow with a fervor not to be satisfied with only the reading room and provident-savings society or social programs of the hall. The superficial social enthusiasm of the emotional folks that in the early stage of the work had rushed to his aid had gradually waned, and he found that they whose zeal held steady and purpose true were those who had caught the sacrificial spirit of the great Master of men, who had borne the cross and despised the shame of it for the sake of others.

"And I've concluded," said he, "that when I want the foundations of human character laid in something solid and want the hard, discouraging work of helping bad men to be good thoroughly done, I'll generally find the stuff they make that of, and the stand-by crowd that helps, pretty close in under the old church, in spite of the tendency to charge her with not making good on her job. Somehow this winter has opened my eyes to what can't be done until a man gets into him the principles of the good old gospel. So,



## GLORY OF THE PINES

Glory, we'll push the hall and push it harder than ever. But listen: as quickly as I can I'm going to get right into every fellow's conscience with some kind of message that'll help him to recognize the moral law when he meets it, and answer the call of God when he hears it, and tie him up to some kind of a steady-going church here in town where he'll get the thing we can't give him in the hall."

And to all this, with sympathetic understanding, Glory agreed, as they found their way down the old road at the left of the main street and were received at the tea table of Mrs. Sargent. Here plans for the wedding were laid for a day in early June, the details of which Dave and Glory pretended to discuss calmly. Mrs. Sargent was the guardian angel that early had touched and shaped the destiny of these two. She had contrived a loving conspiracy of which now she had no hesitancy in speaking; and upon her the grateful couple poured their gratitude.

In the affectionate regard that Dave and Glory had for Mrs. Sargent the whole

## THEY TWAIN

village joined. Her quiet personality was a power everywhere. She shared the confidences of the village girls and gathered about her a class in the white church to whom her wish was a loving law. Her tiny estate kept her comfortably. Years ago the dark woods had claimed her young husband, who, while camp foreman, was killed by a falling tree. In spite of her tragic connection with the woods she never wearied of its everlasting green about her, nor found one sad note in the wind that went sighing through the needles of the pines in her own yard. A beauty lay in Mrs. Sargent's features that came from her soul, and there was such a gentle ladyhood in all her manner that men knew at a glance that good blood and culture had done generations of work on her behalf. The dullness of the town never wore upon her, nor did its seclusion make her lonely. She saw the village as it was, a place where people lived, people that had yearning hearts and hungry souls and bodily needs. So, through the years of her widowhood, she gradually wove her life into that of the town, and everything that concerned

## GLORY OF THE PINES

its life vitally concerned her. It was an unspeakable blessing in the crises of Glory's life and in the early moments of Dave's religious awakening that both touched the mother heart which knew what sin had done for men and what love and a new purpose could do.

The end of the evening's council at the supper table saw Glory's plans perfected; and when later on the dominie dropped in, to talk things over and make Dave and Glory familiar with the wonderful words soon to be spoken, nothing remained to be done but wait for the glad hour.

Few out of the host of Dave's friends could be invited to the wedding at Mrs. Sargent's on that June evening. The tiny house had shared its hospitality with most of the village during the years, but only in small detachments. It had its limits, in consequence of which the selection of guests was a trying piece of business for Dave and Glory. Had it not been announced that the general public was invited to the reception at the hall immediately after the wedding service,

## THEY TWAIN

the gathering crowd of loving but curious friends outside would have fairly stormed the doors.

It looked as though some kind of wedding joke was getting under way when Dave arrived at Mrs. Sargent's a few minutes before the service. The boys down from the last drive, together with mill hands and others interested, stood in the street, greeting the coming guests with the gibes and jocose salutations that only woodsmen could think of. A volley of whoops and cheers went up, as Dave, who never had looked better in all his life, walked through the crowd and turned in at the gate. When "Lefty" McKinloch appeared, with a white collar and derby hat, the jolly chaffing by the crowd became very personal:

"Hey, 'Lefty,' have you got yer pumps on yer feet?"

"Say, let me hold your quid, 'Lefty,'" followed from another quarter. But "Lefty" made no answer. Deacon Bevan took his share of the noisy talk; Mr. Benson shouted back, but his retort was lost; while Jarvis, a little puzzled, hurried in through the crowd

## GLORY OF THE PINES

as though he was uncertain of what might happen.

It was the great good nature of the forest folk expressing itself. The humor and fun of the camp was transferred to the street before Mrs. Sargent's, and in it all there was no sting of malice, nor anything that called for aught but sensible acquiescence. Sometimes trouble broke out when men, drinking too liberally, took advantage of the time-honored custom and spoiled this ordinarily innocent feature of the town weddings by rudeness and vulgarity; but rarely did this happen.

On this occasion the rallying of the few well-known townspeople who arrived, and the chaffing of the favorite woodsmen lucky enough to be invited, were nothing other than an affectionate demonstration in honor of Dave and Glory, and were accepted as such by all concerned. Everyone was waiting good-naturedly for the customary appearance of the groom after the ceremony and for the "thank-you" speech.

Meanwhile the little parlor of Mrs. Sargent was doing its best in the way of hospitality

## THEY TWAIN

and was glowing cheerfully with a half-a-dozen shaded lamps. A few spring flowers had been found and set in tiny bouquets about the room and an arch of ground pine and cedar had been hung in the little bay window, while a potted fern or two completed the entire scheme of decoration.

Mrs. Sargent and Glory cordially received the guests, and good cheer that could be felt was putting everyone at ease. Friends and neighbors whose hard life and work was entirely forgotten smiled and grew young again as they saw the sparkle in Glory's eye and heard the sincerity in her voice. The girls from the choir, at a nod from Mrs. Sargent, all at once broke forth in the wedding hymn. A reverent quiet gradually fell upon those of the noisy crowd nearest the gate, as they heard the opening lines of the hymn:

“O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,  
Lowly we kneel in prayer before the throne,  
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,  
Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.

“Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;  
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,

## GLORY OF THE PINES

And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
That dawns upon eternal love and life.'"

At the close of the singing Glory joined Dave before the dominie under the green arch. The gown she wore was the work of her own hands during the later months of her visit in the old home, and the only ornament she wore was her mother's brooch. There was a spray of arbutus in her hair and a glow of color in her cheeks. David, so strong and manly in his bearing, had the joyous look of one about to touch a great good in life.

It was a glad hour, and the solemn sweetness of it was close to tears. So much of sorrow and unwritten heroism lay behind the present happy scene. The kindest hearts could not forget the path over which Dave and Glory had come to this hour of triumph. There shone in Dave's face the unmistakable light of true love and great contentment as he listened to the words spoken by the dominie, to which he was to make response.

"David, do you take Glory, whom you

## THEY TWAIN

hold by the hand, to be your lawful and wedded wife, and in the presence of God and these witnesses do you promise to be unto her a faithful, affectionate and dutiful husband as long as you both do live?"

"I do," said David. The whole being of the man spoke, while in the firm and gentle consenting of Glory there was something so tender that Mrs. Sargent melted amid her smiles and let her tears fall, and "Lefty" blew tremendously into his big handkerchief.

By some unknown cue the waiting friends who had been fairly quiet understood that the service had ended. The previous noise was mild in comparison with the din that immediately broke forth. The crowd had increased, and so had the vigor of its outbursts. Calls for Dave were incessant. He opened the door and stepped out upon Mrs. Sargent's bit of a porch. The crowd was ready for him and pressed toward him to hear his speech.

"My good friends," said Dave, "I thank you for helping to keep things lively to-night. This is the happiest moment in my life. I



## GLORY OF THE PINES

want you to share it with me, and if you will kindly adjourn to the hall, it will give me a lot of pleasure to introduce you to my wife. She has come here to live and to help us build up this town."

"She's all right, you bet," shouted a big voice in the crowd.

Just then Glory and the choir girls, with Mrs. Sargent and the rest of the guests, came out and, amid as noisy a wedding demonstration as the village ever knew, the party marched to the hall. No formal invitations were necessary. Several of the saloon keepers who had planned to put Dave and the hall out of business shut up for an hour and joined the crowd. Woodsmen filed through the hall with rough-and-ready wit for Dave and a kindly greeting for Glory.

The dock wallopers and mill hands that had found the warmth of welcome in the hall were in the crowd that shoved its way through the building to shake hands. So were the business men and good women of the town. Some one knocked on the table and said that Perlham had a word to say. Perlham was at once at it.

## THEY TWAIN

“Dave, the boys all wish you well in your new job, and have asked me to congratulate you for them, and to give to you some little token of their appreciation of your work and of your good luck to-night. You know they haven’t got much left when the board bill is paid, but they’ve chipped in this purse and wish it was ten times bigger. It’s for the work here in the hall, and there will be more later.” As Perlham handed the bag of coins picked out of the last pay roll to Dave and he rose to speak, the Rockland band, that had arrived an hour behind time, broke loose on the sidewalk with a medley of popular airs. It stopped speech-making for the time, but made for merriment. Finally Dave said:

“This gift touches my heart deeply. I’ll take this hard-earned money from you boys on this one condition: that my wife and I are to spend it for things needed here. This is the work to which we have given ourselves. I can’t forget how I hurt the town during other years, and I want to make this hall count in saving the boys from the things that kill them, soul and body. We are here

## GLORY OF THE PINES

to stay, the doors are open always; we are here to help. I am happier than I can say; I thank you."

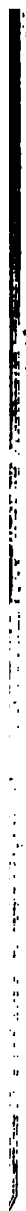
Just then the Rockland band, that had been compelled to cut short its part of the program and get aboard the empty log train leaving at that moment, broke in with "America," and the audience, inside and outside of the building, joined in. The faithful band went slowly up the uneven logging railroad in the darkness, with their music echoing through the forest and sending back to the scattering crowd a message of patriotic devotion that challenged every home-goer with a new call to service.

It was a glorious ending of the day and an auspicious beginning of a long and devoted life of service by two who knew that the thing that had wrought for their good was able to bless others.

From the hearts of the little company that knelt in Mrs. Sargent's home that night there poured forth a deep, well-nigh unspeakable, gratitude to the heavenly Father for the joy and light that had risen out of sorrow and sadness. Then a quiet fell upon the

## THEY TWAIN

village, the sand muffled the footsteps of late home-goers and the surf murmured sweet and low on the beach not far from Mrs. Sargent's door, while the wind went whispering through the needles of the white pines in her dooryard.







24

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